The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1922 NUMBER 381

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The Week

WE have frequently expressed the opinion that it would be good business for the United States to remit part or the whole of her claims upon the Allies provided that such action was part of a general movement to restore order and common sense to European finance. The European states form a family economically, and the United States is a near relative. We shall all prosper or languish together. But this means that our late enemies, as well as our late associates in war, must be given a chance to get on their feet. The inter-Allied debts, the German and Austrian and Bulgarian indemnities are all obstructions to recovery of the same order. Either all must be cut back to reasonable proportions or it is useless to do anything about any of them. This opinion was early shared by liberal Englishmen. In recent weeks a great many Frenchmen have come around to it. Even the Temps is now disposed to couple the cancellation of the inter-Allied debts with the reduction of the German indemnity. At least in principle, the French are coming to recognize that the indemnity as it stands is a serious obstacle to European recovery. Naturally they mean to abate it no more than they can help, but a certain abatement, they admit, is a necessity.

THE administration in the person of the Secretary of Labor, Mr. Davis, continues its lukewarm efforts to persuade the coal operators to confer with the coal miners, but the former do not budge. Manifestly they will not budge except under severe pressure from the government and public opinion. They have decided, if they can, to break the union and as a means to that end to break their own agreement with the union and refuse all recognition and negotiation. If President Harding would write an open letter to them and tell them that in his opinion they were doing a grave injury to the American public by forcing the miners to strike and by substituting war for conference as the method of government in the industry, they might possibly yield; but Mr. Harding himself is anti-union in his sympathies and he will not press the operators hard, nor will he hold them up to public disapprobation. The union will find itself forced to strike; and the strike will probably continue until the government intervenes as it did in 1920 and appoints another coal commission to bring about a settlement.

IF such is the sequence of events we hope that when the strike occurs the newspapers will not reproduce the canned editorial which has so long taken the place of pertinent comment on these occasions. They almost always point out when a strike occurs in the coal or any other fundamental industry that the public is the injured and innocent victim of two contending industrial factions which think only of their own interests. Yet in the case of this particular controversy the public in the sense both of the government and public opinion will be as much to blame for the strike as either the operators or the miners. Again and again during the past few years facts have come to light which expose coal mining as an utterly disor-

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ganized industry which fails to provide "a steady supply of coal to the consumer at a reasonable price," "a good American standard of life for the miners" and an intelligent protection of the public interest in the economic exploitation of an essential natural resource. This disorganization is just as certain to produce strikes as it is to produce waste and profiteering. But the government has not taken advantage of the several excellent opportunities to deal with the sources of the trouble or even to plan for their thorough investigation, and the indifference of the administration and Congress is only a reflection of the indifference of public opinion. If the American public gets a coal strike on April 1st it will have richly deserved all that it gets and more.

DISTRICT No. 2 of the United Mine Workers of America has issued "a call to the public" to join with the miners in demanding the disclosure by means of federal action of the facts of the "hopelessly messed coal industry." This call ties up the grievances of the miners in respect to the management of the coal industry with the grievances of the public. "The public's grievances are high prices and irregular supply; the miners' grievances are low wages and irregularity of work to say nothing of unnecessary accidents and needlessly back-breaking kinds of work such as car pushing." "The coal industry is owned and operated as a hopeless mess, a basic public utility run and ruined by a group of financiers" whose interest in their own profits renders them under the circumstances as careless of the public welfare as they are of their obligations to provide tolerable living and safe working conditions for their employees. The miners in District No. 2 believe in nationalization as a remedy; but they do not ask the public to accept nationalization, as it accepts the existing disorganization, in blind ignorance of the facts. All it asks is a systematic investigation by the government of the actual conditions of the industry. It demands "compulsory information on coal through a national fact-finding fact-publishing agency." Is the demand unreasonable?

IT now looks as if Mr. Lloyd George would have to get out very soon. An avalanche of insuperable difficulties are accumulating on the back of his government, and he must before long either succumb under the burden or decide to pass it on to someone else. He might succeed in dealing with any one or two or three of his problems if he could detach them from the others, but they all descend on him at once, they are all imperative and each of them impairs the concentration of power and attention which are needed to deal with the others. The policy of France on the continent prevents him from curing unemployment in Great Britain, but he cannot break with France because a break would alienate still further his conservative supporters in Parliament. The discontent in Egypt and India embarrasses him in carrying out a strong policy either in Europe or in the Near East. Yet if he decides to step out from under, his withdrawal will produce more rather than less confusion. Any possible successor would inherit all his difficulties yet could not command many of his resources. Mr. Lloyd George occupies the extraordinary position of being both indispensable and impossible. But he is becoming more impossible than he is indispensable.

IT is proverbial that the virtues men most pride themselves on are the virtues they do not possess at all. For generations the British have prided themselves on their "genius for governing subject peoples." Perhaps they stammered a bit when they tried to explain Ireland; but, after all, had they not exhibited marvelous governing intelligence in India? We are now given an excellent opportunity to determine the quality of that intelligence. The British paraded the Prince of Wales from end to end of India, in the fond hope that in this age of fallen kings the lands of India would be irrigated with loyal tears. And, since this signal mark of British favor did not appear to be appreciated, they have struck out truculently. They have arrested Mahatma Gandhi and have condemned Lajpat Rai to two years' imprisonment, one year at hard labor; Gandhi, the purest soul among the men of this generation, or of this millennium, revered leader of tens of millions, who followed his ways of peace, believing that Gandhi might somehow achieve the miracle of liberation without violence; Lajpat Rai, whom many Americans know well as one of the most intelligent and tolerant of living men, a patriot and a philosopher, who stands for India's rights and aspirations but also sees England's difficulties, and therefore has striven to direct the movement for India's freedom through channels of intelligent discussion and moderation. Two years' imprisonment for Lajpat Rai, one at hard labor!

SECRETARY MELLON'S letter on the bonus gives as intelligible an account as we are likely to get of the liabilities the government will assume if it adopts the certificate plan of payment. Probably the government will be called on to pay up $1,200,000,000 by January 1, 1926, with another three or four billions to be met in 1942. These figures indicate what it may cost the country to dodge a square issue. A present billion and a half would go farther toward stilling the discontent of

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the ex-service men than the sum of these huge future payments. We do not have that billion and a half, to be sure, but we could raise it, if we had to, either by taxation or by loans. Taxation would be oppressive and unpopular, and a bonus loan would hurt the credit of the government. But the credit of the government will be hurt in greater measure by the assumption of indefinite obligations to pay out billions in the next twenty years. And the credit situation is not improved by the proposed arrangements for bank loans on the security of the certificates. Such loans would be sufficiently profitable to the banks, and sufficiently secure. But this should not obscure the fact that the character of the loans—which cannot be collected for perhaps three years—is undesirable. There is no great distance between such loans and forced loans for other governmental purposes. It is difficult at best to keep the banking system from becoming an instrument of ill advised government financing. Every tendency in that direction is an unmitigated evil.

BY well established international precedent, the costs of an army of occupation have priority over any other items in a vanquished nation's budget. They are treated so by our late associates in the war, who pay themselves for the costs of occupation before they distribute the surplus of German payments—if any—for reparations. This condition is not derived from the Treaty of Versailles but is antecedent to it. And in asking acknowledgment of the priority of the American claim the American government is not attempting to avail itself of privileges it would have had under that treaty. If it looks to the Reparations Commission to produce the sums required, that is because the Allied nations have impounded all the moneys Germany can pay and placed them in the hands of the commission. America might negotiate directly with Berlin, but in that case she would have to demand a relaxation of the powers of the Reparations Commission and an accounting for the sums diverted by that commission to purposes other than occupation costs. And that would involve greater perplexities for the Allied governments than the demand in its present form.

THE expenses of the American occupation come high, and as it has been evident from the first, they must be borne, in effect, by Belgium, France and England, if we collect them at all. Germany is already under obligation to pay to those countries all the money she can raise. She will look on complacently while we quarrel with the other beneficiaries of the treaty over the distribution of the tribute. Why then did not the Associated Powers urge us to withdraw our extremely expensive soldiers? They did not; on the contrary, they urged us, very strongly, to keep our soldiers there. Were they looking forward to exactly the state of affairs that is now claiming public attention, when they could make out a plausible case for requiring America to associate herself definitely with them in the execution of the Treaty of Versailles? We fail to see what else they could have been driving at.

AMERICA does not want to do business with Russia until Russia orders her internal affairs to America's liking. Neither does America want any other country to do business with Russia until the signal is given from Washington, so that all competitors may have equal chances. This appears to be the meaning of Secretary Hughes' pronouncement on Russia in his note declining the invitation to the Genoa Conference. "While awaiting the establishment of the essential bases of productivity in Russia [i. e. private property] . . . without which this government believes all consideration of economic revival to be futile, nothing should be done looking to the obtaining of economic advantages in Russia which would impair the just opportunities of others" [i. e. ourselves]. Out of respect to Mr. Hughes' theories of political economy, the British, French, Germans and Italians ought to refuse valuable concessions even if they can get them on terms that look safe to themselves and their nationals. Will they? We shall see.

THE cotton manufacturing industry of New England has, like so many of the industries of Great Britain, usually derived its profits from the exploitation of underpaid labor. There was a moment during the war when its employees received something like a living wage; but the manufacturers are now resolutely pursuing a policy of restoring the worst conditions which formerly prevailed in the industry. If, for instance, the wage-earners lose the strike which is now creating so much excitement in Rhode Island, they will be forced to accept a wage which is about twenty-five percent below the sum which would provide a decent standard of living; and at the same time they will have to work one additional hour every day. Yet the very people who do these things deplore the political ignorance of the wage-earners who are not class conscious and the political animosity of those who are class conscious. This is the kind of treatment which the great majority of wage-earners have usually received from their employers. Yet they are condemned as hostile or indifferent to the public interests when they organize chiefly to force their employers to show some small respect for their potential dignity as human beings.

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We Keep Out of Genoa

WITH the decision of the administration not to send a full-fledged American delegate to the Genoa Conference the New Republic fully agrees. Considering the attitude of a large fraction of the Senate towards Europe, President Harding would by accepting responsibility for the results of the Conference court a humiliating rebuff from his masters. The nations assembled at Genoa will seek to conclude agreements analogous to those which were reached at Washington. These agreements the American government would either have to sign or to protest. If it signed it would endorse bargains dictated primarily by European conditions and states of mind, which would place American political and economic resources at the disposal of an unreformed Europe. The Senate would assuredly refuse to endorse such bargains. There would remain the alternative of explicit dissent. But if the American government anticipates the practical certainty of disagreement, it is surely more economical and better manners to keep out of the Conference and to state frankly why it is unwilling to cooperate on the proposed terms. Participation in a conference implies an obligation not merely to discuss differences, but to sacrifice interests and principles in order to reach agreements. The active admission of such an obligation could under the circumstances result only in a repetition of President Wilson's experience at Paris. Non-cooperation by the United States with Europe at present is neither a penalty nor an offence. It is a weapon. The American government cannot afford to surrender it until the European governments have indicated much more unequivocally than they have yet done a disposition to reform.

A conference at Genoa called under the conditions now proposed does not indicate a disposition to reform. When Mr. Lloyd George originally suggested a European congress, the London cables interpreted the proposal as a serious attempt to put the house of Europe in order with the idea of removing existing obstacles to the grant of American economic assistance for European reconstruction. If the British Prime Minister's first plan of a joint guarantee by all the European nations of the existing frontiers and subsequent cooperation of the whole of Europe, Russia and Germany included, for economic reconstruction had prevailed, it would have removed all reasonable objections to an increasing economic and political intimacy between the United States and Europe. But since Mr. Lloyd George exposed his proposal to the air, it has steadily deteriorated. The general guarantee of existing frontiers has become a defensive alliance between Great Britain and France with Italy and Belgium possibly thrown in. It follows inevitably that the Conference cannot tamper with the Treaty, and it cannot even consider the question of reparations. Preliminary agreements of this kind can only mean that Lloyd George has thrown the carcass of Germany to the dogs. The Conference, which was supposed to put the house of Europe in order and restore Germany and Russia to the "comity of nations," is actually designed to perpetuate the existing sources of disorder and to base the comity of nations on the rule of doing unto others precisely what you would most resent if it were done unto you. It becomes merely a new device to suck American political and economic resources into the European abyss for the purpose of enabling the victors in the war to reap the political and economic fruits of victory. If the American government consented, it would not accomplish anything more than it did at Paris to heal European dissensions and antagonisms. It would merely embroil the American nation in their disastrous and hateful consequences.

Had President Harding committed the American government to responsibility for the outcome of the Genoa Conference he would, consequently, in our opinion have committed a grave mistake. But the reasons which Secretary Hughes gives for non-cooperation are neither candid nor lucid. "The proposed conference," he says, "is not primarily an economic conference, as questions appear to have been excluded from consideration without the satisfactory determination of which the chief causes of economic disturbance must continue to operate, but it is rather a conference of a political character in which the government of the United States could not helpfully participate." There is one obvious retort to this statement of fears and scruples. If the questions which are the chief causes of the existing economic disturbance of Europe were included in the agenda, the Conference would be no less political than it is now, and, consequently, no less disagreeable to the American government. The European nations must appease political disputes about frontiers and territorial guarantees before they can discuss reparations, armaments and budgets with any hope of obtaining a constructive settlement. They will gain nothing merely by separating economic from political questions. What they need is to neutralize their political antagonisms and differences in the hope that by this means they may do away with the clear and insuperable obstacles to a fruitful economic conference. It is unfortunate that the American government did not say as much plainly. What it did say invites misinterpretation. European journals complain that the political and economic aspects of the European predicament are inseparable. That is true and

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that is why the American government cannot enter an economic conference until the political causes of the economic maladies are removed. The United States has decided not to entangle itself in the European struggle for a preponderance of power. Having refused for good reasons to go in by the front door of the Treaty of Versailles, it has no intention of being carried in with a wagon load of hardware and groceries by the rear entrance.

The European nations are in as much need of economic assistance now in order to save themselves from confessed bankruptcy as they were during the war of military assistance in order to save themselves from defeat. The Allies obtained military assistance during the war practically on their own terms; and when the war was over and the victory won with American assistance they ignored the fourteen points and the armistice and wrote substantially the same kind of a treaty that they would have written if the American army had not contributed to their victory. Ever since they have talked and acted as if they had a moral mortgage on American political and economic resources. They expect America to meet their requirements without putting up any security or conforming their political and economic behavior to those standards which would convert them again into tolerable political and economic risks.

They have never grasped one essential fact in the present attitude of the American nation towards Europe. Their very success in obtaining on their own terms such generous economic and military assistance during the war is the chief material and psychological obstacle to their ability to obtain a renewal of it now. If the Genoa Conference was sincerely intended to put the house of Europe in order, the European governments would have done better not to send an invitation to the American government until after they had achieved some measure of success. They are, as it seems to Americans, insistent on American cooperation, not as a necessary method of enabling them ultimately to meet their liabilities out of their own resources but as a method of shifting their liabilities to American shoulders. No doubt some of this burden will in the end have to be shifted, but not until the European peoples try more intelligently and sincerely to help themselves.

The American attitude in this respect is condemned as smug self-righteousness. It may be vulnerable to that accusation. When all nations fall as far short of ordinary decent standards of social behavior as do the nations of today, no one nation can ask other nations to reform in certain respects without an unfortunate assumption of self-righteousness. But we are unable to understand why the American people should lend their economic resources to Europe on execrable security in order to clear themselves of the accusation of self-righteousness. The American nation is not individually or collectively better than the European nations, but it happens to be solvent, and its solvency is a rare and precious condition which, if it is turned to good account, is probably capable of rescuing the European countries from the calamitous consequences of their long-continued and flagrant violations of sound economic and political truth. To keep out of Europe except for a purely philanthropic purpose until she removes the political causes of the economic breakdown is a policy dictated by an intelligent solicitude for European as well as American interests.

Of course there is a better way of helping Europe and ourselves. The American government might conceivably submit to Europe a plan which would provide both for the remission of the Allied debts to this country and the arrangement of abundant future credits, provided the European governments would scale down sufficiently their own political and economic liabilities. The existence of the European debt to the American government and the uncompromising attitude which Congress has assumed about its collection looks from the European point of view as if we were insisting on the scaling down of the liabilities of the European governments in order that they may meet their liabilities to us. They are justified in objecting to any such result—so completely justified that if they did scale down their liabilities to one another they would have every right to repudiate in whole or in part their debt to this country. It is a great pity that the American government cannot or will not submit to Europe the kind of offer we have indicated, but for the present there is not a chance. Modern society, based as it is on the institution of private property, is lacking in the machinery and the motive for voluntary disinterested action of this kind. Property is essentially a private privilege, not a public trust or service. The poverty, the misfortunes, the extravagances and the political sins of the past have created economic conditions which apparently will spell ruin for Europe unless the conception and the institution of property, in so far as it implies a legal claim on the services of other human beings, is thoroughly socialized. But for that reason the initiative in socialization must come from the European peoples. It is up to them to break with the old conception of property as an individual and class privilege and associate it legally and practically with human welfare. Their misfortunes have imposed on them the alternative either of a more socialized conception and organization of property or economic ruin for many generations.

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Shall We Tax Rich or Poor?

IN a letter published in this issue Mr. Otto Kahn challenges the whole scheme of our federal taxation system, in so far as it rests upon the progressive principle. Mr. Kahn does not question the justice of progressive taxes. We assume that he would admit that ability to pay taxes increases progressively with the size of the income; that it is easier for a man with an income of one hundred thousand dollars to pay ten thousand than it is for a man with an income of one thousand to pay a hundred dollars in taxes. But the legislator must look to the ulterior economic effects of taxation, as well as to considerations of justice. And Mr. Kahn sees in the levy of disproportionately heavy taxes upon the large incomes a menace to the accumulation of capital for purposes of business adventure. Not all savings will serve for every purpose. What is saved out of the small income should, as a rule, be placed in well tried investments. Only those who can afford to take losses will invest in new fields. It is such investments that give a progressive tone to a country's business. Accordingly, such heavy taxes as we are now levying upon large incomes operate to dry up the sources of our enterprise and prosperity.

We do not dispute the validity of Mr. Kahn's theoretical position. In a country where wealth is unevenly distributed we should naturally expect to find a greater readiness to engage in enterprises involving possibilities of great profit but also possibilities of serious loss than in a country where wealth is distributed with a fair degree of equality. Henry Ford, owning most of the capital with which he operates, can pursue more boldly experimental policies than he could if he were merely trustee for ten thousand smaller investors. Taking financial resources away from the Henry Fords by taxation does no doubt slacken the rate of movement in the enterprises that appeal most strongly to the business imagination. It puts a damper on "prosperity." But does it equally impair the economic welfare of a people as a whole—something often confused with "prosperity," yet not identical with it? That is by no means so certain as Mr. Kahn seems to imply.

What is involved is the question whether it is better to take a billion in federal taxation from the large incomes or from the small. Take it from the large incomes, and we shall have fewer brilliant business adventures. Take it from the small incomes, and we shall have a degradation in the standard of living and a reduction in the savings which go into fields of safe returns. Before we can decide which alternative is preferable—solely from the point of view of production—we must try to form an idea as to the services we need most at the present time.

The nation needs many billions of capital for the improvement of our transportation system. Will that capital come out of the large incomes or the small? As matters stand in this country, there is no room for brilliant adventure and rich profits in transportation. Development will have to pursue safe lines and make its appeal to the investor of modest income. We need billions for housing, other billions for municipal improvements and good roads. Here also, we must rely mainly upon the savings that are content with a modest, but fairly certain return. Huge sums are needed for improving the equipment of our farms. These will come chiefly from farmers' incomes, prevailingly small ones. It is not so easy to specify the fields in which those seeking business adventure might invest the billion they might save if taxes were shifted to the small income classes. Great consolidations of existing business enterprises, to gain startling economies in operation; bold projects for exploiting natural resources in backward territories, or for organizing trade in war wrecked areas are possibilities that will occur to anyone. A billion dollars thus invested might easily show a larger margin of profit than a billion dollars invested in transportation, housing or agricultural equipment. It might show a larger margin of profit, but is that the same thing as a larger margin of use? We think not. On the contrary, the billion dollars invested in humdrum, safe and sane improvements seems to us far more likely to multiply the goods and services needed by the average man, and at the same time, to make employment for a larger body of workers. Colombia petroleum wells, for example, might yield a larger profit on a hundred million dollar investment than model apartments erected in an American city. How about the relative amounts of employment offered to American labor?

Mr. Kahn might have stressed the point that the large incomes are likely to prove more fruitful sources of saving than the small. Remit a billion dollars of taxation to the very rich, and some of it will simply be spent in luxurious consumption. Much of it—perhaps three-fourths—will be saved. Remit a billion dollars to the poor and most of it—probably three-fourths—will serve merely to improve the standard of living. The argument is one that has long been employed by economists as an economic palliation of the sins of inequality.

If the sums used for improving the standard of living were wasted, the argument would have a certain validity. But taking conditions as they are in America, with great bodies of the population commanding far less than the minimum of con-

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sumption required for full efficiency, it is doubtful if more fruitful use can be made of the national income than to apply it to improving the standard of living.

As we see it, what America needs at this time is not so much an efflorescence of brilliant enterprises and a semblance of prosperity as the steady development of enterprises we already have tried out and found capable of yielding steady returns. It needs not so much remarkable profits as the increase in products and services of wide popular use and the improvement of the standard of living. Therefore, it seems to us, a scheme of taxation which rests heavily upon the larger incomes is economically expedient as well as ethically sound.

Trouble for Aliens

BY the huge vote of 281 to 36, the House of Representatives has passed a resolution to continue the three percent law restricting immigration for another year. Some figures recently made available by the Bureau of Immigration permit us to judge to some extent the way in which that law has worked out, and what we may expect from it.

It was believed, last spring, that if immigration were to be unrestricted, about 1,000,000 foreigners would come to America. In 1920, 805,000 arrived. Under the quota 355,825 will be admissible in the fiscal year which ends next June. 194,705 have already come, and the quotas of a number of countries—Greece, Hungary, Italy, Jugoslavia, Poland, Portugal, Spain, Armenia, Syria, Turkey and "Asia"—have already been exhausted. This means that we must expect a rush from them in July. The countries from which the law, if indirectly, aimed to encourage immigration are not sending people fast enough to fill their quotas. It is probable that by no means all of the 68,000 Germans who are allowed to come in will get here. Immigrants from the United Kingdom, from Norway, Sweden, Denmark, are not coming fast. Northwestern Europe is not taking advantage of its chance to emigrate.

But southeastern Europe—against whose people the law in effect, by its dependence on the figures of the 1910 census, discriminates—is quite prepared to exceed its quota. In fact in a good many cases it already has exceeded the quota, by virtue of the admission of some 2,430 immigrants who, though formally subject to deportation, were let in as cases in which unusual hardship would be inflicted were they not. Such was the merciful fate of some 450 Assyrians, who started for America by devious routes,—Bombay, Yokohama—before the law came into effect. Others who were spared the hideous hardship of deportation after tearing up all their roots in Europe, were a few hundreds of Greeks, Hungarians, Jugoslavs, Poles, Spaniards and Armenians. In all, 985 immigrants have been deported as "excess quota"—not so terrible a total, when we compare it with the 2,430 admitted, as many of us expected when the law was passed. Not a bad total, too, when compared with the 5,700 others who were debarred or deported for causes which operated even in the times of unrestricted immigration. But still a total—if one considers what suffering each deportation of those 985 means, what desperate sacrifices were made by each of them, what families were often torn apart, —a total worth thinking about very seriously. For ourselves we could not remain satisfied with the extension of the three percent law as it stands.

Immigration authorities and congressmen point out, however, with a great deal of truth, that the stream of immigration cannot be cut off clean, and that any measure that restricts is bound to inflict suffering. They also point out that the situation cannot continue to be as bad as it was in the first months of the operation of the law. For one thing, there were in various parts of Europe last year some 150,000 foreigners with passports the unexpired visas of which entitled them to come here. In a few months all of these visas will have expired. They point out that the knowledge of the operation of the law and of the quotas filled or unfilled is fairly well spread through Europe by this time. They point out that the stream from the countries whose quotas earliest showed signs of exhaustion has been thinning out, giving us good reason to expect that in the future not very many more will come than can be admitted. They point out that the steamship companies have gained a sense of responsibility, and are no longer so unscrupulous about bringing over, for the sake of the passage money, a lot of people they must have known could not possibly get in.

All of this is very likely true—indeed we heartily hope so. Nevertheless the fact remains that the law has on the whole proved clumsy and unenforceable, if not so much as at first we feared. One can measure the degree of its workability, if one cares to, by comparing the 194,000 legally admitted with the 2,430 excess quota admitted and the sufferings of the 985 deported. One must not forget too the numbers, which can never be counted, who had pulled up all their stakes to come here but never sailed, and the still larger numbers whose present condition, by reason of their being in some racial or religious minority, is unendurable, for whom the only salvation is to go somewhere else.

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There is another angle in the matter worth considering. Logically the extension of the three percent limit should be founded on the latest figures, on the results of the 1920 census. Indeed those figures were available before the law was passed. It is obvious, though the reason was never frankly given, why 1910 was preferred: in 1910 there were more people from northwestern Europe living in America than in 1920, and the legislators—and indeed a good deal of public opinion besides—wished to keep out the Jew, Slav and Armenian in favor of the Englishman, German and Scandinavian. Why? Because the latter are less different; before the law all of them at Ellis Island are immigrants, but to American minds some are more alien than others. Congress—and many Americans—cared not so much about keeping out immigrants as about keeping out aliens.

Of course this state of mind and the raw deal which the more foreign kind of foreigner often gets at our hands is familiar to us. In this regard the laws passed about immigration are only part of the picture. There is a good deal of feeling, of a kind we understand but do not care for in favor of keeping watch on the alien once he is here. A situation threatens the foreigner in which he will find that Ellis Island is not the final gate, beyond which he is in letter at any rate on a footing with Americans. Many people have plans to guard and restrict him almost as a suspect even after he is within those gates.

A symptom of this rather prevalent state of mind is to be found in a bill, recently introduced in Congress, which provides for the compulsory annual registration of all aliens under eighteen, with a photograph of each alien to be affixed to the certificate of registration. It reminds one of the passport system in old Russia. At best, such registration would be an intolerable nuisance, and a constant reminder of their difference from the rest of us to people who as a rule have had that difference brought home to them by quite enough indifference and insult. At worst, such a system could be broadened into an effective slavery, and into an unholy weapon in times of strike or whenever we imagine our house to be haunted by Red ghosts. Fortunately the bill is still in committee, where we hope it will undergo, to say the least, a salutary pruning. At any rate it is indicative of the lengths Americans are prepared to go in their mistrust of darker, dirtier, or less intelligible people.

The lesson for the foreigner, in such projects as this, as well as in our handling of his immigration, is that we have as yet no intelligent proposal for melting him into our pot, and that his days of trouble here are not over.

The Tariff on Books

THERE are usually two sides to every tariff question, even to the questions raised by the Fordney bill, with its excessive rates and scheme of fluctuating and exorbitant valuations. But there is one feature of the bill which we think our readers will agree with us in pronouncing wholly indefensible. That is the new plan of taxing books. As everyone knows, the tariff on books has for many years been restricted to those printed in the English language and published within the last twenty years. Even to this there are now certain exceptions, such as books printed in raised type for the blind, Bibles, and books destined for educational institutions. Publishers and booksellers, moreover, have never desired artificial "protection" for their business; the majority, indeed, have generally rightly recognized that the importation of books might be freed from all tariff restrictions whatever. On the other hand, publishers admit that if the country must have such revenue as imported books can furnish the present duty of 15 percent on recent books in the English language is not unjust. But what, it may be asked, about the book manufacturers? As for them, it is, or should be, a well-known fact that owing to the exceptional conditions of bookmaking, books can be at present manufactured in America more cheaply than in any other country in the world. Furthermore, for all books for which there is an appreciable American market, manufacturers now have ample additional "protection" in the provisions of our law of copyright.

For the present tariff, however—which is admitted to yield all the revenue that can probably under any circumstances be got from the importation of books—it is now proposed to substitute one which book manufacturers do not need, which book publishers and sellers do not want and are unanimously protesting against with all their power, and which buyers of imported books likewise feel to be a punishment which will in most cases amount to complete prohibition of their purchase and use. It is in fact now proposed to levy a duty of 20 percent of their presumed American value on all books, no matter in what language they are printed nor when they were published, with the single exception of Bibles. And this, it should be realized, means not only the removal from the free list of books for the blind, of old books, of all books for educational institutions, and of those printed in foreign languages, but means also a greater increase in the amount of duty to be collected than can be certainly foretold. The reason lies in the fact that duties, under the proposed new law, will

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be based on so-called American valuation. American valuation means that the 20 percent nominally provided by the law will be in actual practice nearer 100 percent and may often be very much more even than that. We cannot be wrong, consequently, in concluding that this new tariff is designed as a deliberate punishment of the users of such books, and is designed, under cover of the tariff, to prohibit their use entirely so far as is humanly possible.

Who will be chiefly affected by this punishment? The publishers of the country will for the most part carry on their business as usual; for their business consists mainly in selling books written and manufactured in America. They will also continue as in the past to sell books written abroad which have a popular American appeal, for the universal practice of publishers in the cases of such books is to have separate editions of them manufactured in America. This is done at present not only because it is rendered advisable by our existing law of copyright, but because it is also found to be more profitable than to import these books in all cases where the American demand is likely to run over several thousand copies. The truth is that American publishers sell imported editions at present only in the cases of books which have a very limited appeal—an appeal to people of exceptional education or taste, or to scholars, teachers, and advanced students; and the truth also is that it has been possible to publish many of the most valuable and influential books only through the united support of English and American publishers. It was, for example, in this way—and in this way only—possible to publish most of the books of Herbert Spencer. Hence, while all publishers will probably be adversely affected by the proposed law, the great majority at any rate will not be disastrously crippled.

Those who will really be punished fall chiefly into three classes. These are, first, wealthy collectors of books who in the last forty years have brought many thousands of rare and intrinsically valuable books to America, a large part of which eventually find their way into public libraries. And most of these collectors, whether or not they have been able finally to give their books outright to the public, have placed them freely at the disposal of scholars and students. In the second place, public libraries throughout the country will be punished; but those which will suffer most will be the great libraries of our larger cities and the libraries of all colleges and universities. And in the third place scientists, scholars, and students in all branches of learning will be grievously punished both directly, and indirectly, through the crippling of libraries.

Everyone knows, or should know, that American public and collegiate libraries practically without exception suffer acutely from insufficient funds. They are in the vast majority of cases unable at present to purchase what they need. And what they need are foreign books equally with those written and printed in this country. No one, moreover, even thinks of disputing the immeasurable direct and indirect value of these institutions to the country which they serve. And no one above the monkey stage of development ever thinks of attempting to gauge their value by the mere numbers who directly use these institutions.

Something similar, too, can be said of scientists, scholars, and students. Suffering—nearly every one of them—from grossly inadequate support in an invaluable public service, working in their several fields from disinterested motives for the welfare of their country and of humanity, these men and women not only want books but must have them, and must have largely foreign books, in order to carry on their work at all. Very few of the books these men and women must have can they ever hope to own; the greater part they must use as best they can in libraries;—but this means that in either case the book must be here, available in this country. And these—the scholars and teachers of America in whose hands lie almost solely the quality and character of our very civilisation—are the men and women whom the proposed Fordney tariff on books will severely punish. These are the men and women whose work this proposed law will make excessively difficult, sometimes tragically difficult, and often, it is to be feared, simply impossible. These are the men and women against whom the framers of this bill must feel a fierce and ignoble hatred.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1922, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER; DANIEL MEBANE, CIRCULATION MANAGER.

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS, FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

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The Windy City

The lean hands of wagon men
put out pointing fingers here,
picked this crossway, put it on a map,
set up their sawbucks, fixed their shotguns,
found a hitching place for the pony express,
made a hitching place for the iron horse,
the one-eye horse with the fire-spit head,
found a homelike spot and said, 'Make a home',
saw this corner with a mesh of rails, shuttling
people, shunting cars, shaping the junk of
the earth to a new city.

The hands of men took hold and tugged
And the breaths of men went into the junk
And the junk stood up into skyscrapers and asked:
Who am I? Am I a city? And if I am what is my name?
And once while the whistles blew and blew again
The men answered: Long ago we gave you a name,
Long ago we laughed and said: You? Your name is
Chicago.

. . .

Early the red men gave a name to a river,
the place of the skunk,
the river of the wild onion smell,
Shee-caw-go.

Out of the payday songs of steam shovels,
Out of the wages of structural iron rivets,
The living lighted skyscrapers tell it now as a name,
Tell it across miles of sea blue water, gray blue land:
I am Chicago, I am a name given out by the breaths of
working men, laughing men, a child, a belonging.

So between the Great Lakes,
The Grand De Tour, and the Grand Prairie,
The living lighted skyscrapers stand,
Spotting the blue dusk with checkers of yellow,
streamers of smoke and silver,
parallelograms of night-gray watchmen,
Singing a soft moaning song: I am a child, a belonging.

. . .

How should the wind songs of a windy city go?
Singing in a high wind the dirty chatter gets blown
away on the wind—the clean shovel,
the clean pickax,
lasts.

It is easy for a child to eat breakfast and pack off
to school with a pair of roller skates,
buns for lunch, and a geography,
Riding through a tunnel under a river running backward,
to school to listen . . how the Pottawattamies . .
. . and the Blackhawks . . ran on moccasins . .
between Kaskaskia, Peoria, Kankakee, and Chicago.
It is easy to sit listening to a boy babbling
of the Pottawattamie moccasins in Illinois,
how now the roofs and smokestacks cover miles
where the deerfoot left its writing
and the foxpaw put its initials
in the snow . . for the early moccasins . . to read.

It is easy for the respectable taxpayers to sit in the
street cars and study the faces of burglars,
the prison escapes, the hunger strikes, the cost of
living, the price of dying, the shop gate battles of
strikers and strikebreakers, the strikers killing
scabs and the police killing strikers—the strongest,
the strongest, always the strongest.

It is easy to listen to the haberdasher customers hand
each other their easy chatter—it is easy to die
alive—to register a living thumbprint and be dead
from the neck up.
And there are sidewalks polished with the footfalls of
undertakers' stiffs, greased mannikins, wearing up-to-
the-minute sox, lifting heels across doorsills,
shoving their faces ahead of them—dead from the
neck up—proud of their sox—their sox are the last
word—dead from the neck up—it is easy.

Lash yourself to the bastion of a bridge
and listen while the black cataracts of people go by,
baggage, bundles, balloons,
listen while they jazz the classics:

"Since when did you kiss yourself in
And who do you think you are?
Come across, kick in, loosen up.
Where do you get that chatter?"

"Beat up the short change artists.
They never did nothin' for you.
How do you get that way?
Tell me and I'll tell the world.
I'll say so, I'll say it is."

"You're trying to crab my act.
You poor fish, you mackerel,
You ain't got the sense God
Gave an oyster—it's raining—
What you want is an umbrella."

"Hush baby—
I don't know a thing.
I don't know a thing.
Hush baby."

"Hush baby,
It ain't how old you are,
It's how old you look.
It ain't what you got,
It's what you can get away with."

"Bring home the bacon.
Put it over, shoot it across.
Send 'em to the cleaners.

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What we want is results, re-sults
And damn the consequences.
Sh . . . . sh . . . .
You can fix anything
If you got the right fixers."

"Kid each other, you cheap skates.
Tell each other you're all to the mustard—
You're the gravy."

"Tell 'em honey.
Ain't it the truth, sweetheart?
Watch your step.
You said it,
You said a mouthful.
We're all a lot of damn fourflushers."

"Hush baby!
Shoot it,
Shoot it all!
Coo coo, coo coo"—
This is one song of Chicago.

It is easy to come here a stranger and show the whole works, write a book, fix it all up—it is easy to come and go away a muddle-headed pig, a bum and a bag of wind.

Go to it and remember this city fished from its depths a text: "independent as a hog on ice."
Venice is a dream of soft waters, Vienna and Bagdad recollections of dark spears and wild turbans; Paris is a thought in Monet gray on scabbards, fabrics, façades; London is a fact in a fog filled with the moaning of transatlantic whistles; Berlin sits amid white scrubbed quadrangles and torn arithmetics and testaments; Moscow brandishes a flag and repeats a dance figure of a man who walks like a bear.
Chicago fished from its depths a text: Independent as a hog on ice.

. . .

Forgive us if the monotonous houses go mile on mile
Along monotonous streets out to the prairies—
If the faces of the houses mumble hard words
At the streets—and the street voices only say:
"Dust and a bitter wind shall come."

Forgive us if the lumber porches and doorsteps
Snarl at each other—
And the brick chimneys cough in a close-up of
Each other's faces—
And the ramshackle stairways watch each other
As thieves watch—
And dooryard lilacs near a malleable iron works
Long ago languished
In a short whispering purple.

And if the alley ash cans
Tell the garbage wagon drivers
The children play the alley is Heaven
And the streets of Heaven shine
With a grand dazzle of stones of gold
And there are no policemen in Heaven—
Let the rag-tags have it their way.

And if the geraniums
In the tin cans of the window sills
Ask questions not worth answering—
And if a boy and a girl hunt the sun
With a sieve for sifting smoke—
Let it pass—let the answer be—
"Dust and a bitter wind shall come."

Forgive us if the jazz timebeats
Of these clumsy shadows
Moan in saxophone undertones,
And the footsteps of the jungle,
The fang cry, the rip claw hiss,
The sneak-up and the still watch,
The slant of the slit eyes waiting—
If these bother respectable people
with the right crimp in their napkins
reading breakfast menu cards—
forgive us—let it pass—let be.

If cripples sit on their stumps
And joke with the newsies bawling,
"Many lives lost! many lives lost!
Terrible accident! many lives lost!"—
If again twelve men let a woman go,
"He done me wrong; I shot him"—
Or the blood of a child's head
Spatters on the hub of a motor truck—
Or a 44-gat cracks and lets the skylights
Into one more bank messenger—
Or if boys steal coal in a railroad yard
And run with humped gunnysacks
While a bull picks off one of the kids
And the kid wriggles with an ear in cinders
And a mother comes to carry home
A bundle, a limp bundle,
To have his face washed, for the last time,
Forgive us if it happens—and happens again—
And happens again.

Forgive the jazz timebeat
of clumsy mass shadows,
footsteps of the jungle,
the fang cry, the rip claw hiss,
the slant of the slit eyes waiting.

Forgive us if we work so hard
And the muscles bunch clumsy on us
And we never know why we work so hard—
If the big houses with little families
And the little houses with big families
Sneer at each other's bars of misunderstanding;
Pity us when we shackle and kill each other
And believe at first we understand
And later say we wonder why.

Take home the monotonous patter
Of the elevated railroad guard in the rush hours:
"Watch your step. Watch your step. Watch your step."
Or write on a pocket pad what a pauper said
To a patch of purple asters at a whitewashed wall:
"Let every man be his own Jesus—that's enough."

. . .

The wheelbarrows grin, the shovels and the mortar hoist and exploit.

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The stone shanks of the Monadnock, the Transportation,
the People's Gas Building, stand up and scrape
at the sky.
The wheelbarrows sing, the bevels and the blue prints
whisper.
The library building named after John Crerar, naked
as a stock farm silo, light as a single eagle
feather, stripped like an airplane propeller,
takes a path up.
Two cool new rivets say, "Maybe it is morning,"
"God knows."

. . .

Put the city up; tear the city down;
put it up again; let us find a city.
Let us remember the little violet-eyed
man who gave all, praying, "Dig and
dream, dream and hammer, till your
city comes."

Every day the people sleep and the city dies;
every day the people shake loose, awake and
build the city again.

The city is a tool chest opened every day,
a time clock punched every morning,
a shop door, bunkers and overalls
counting every day.

The city is a balloon and a bubble plaything
shot to the sky every evening, whistled in
a ragtime jig down the sunset.

The city is made, forgotten, and made again,
trucks hauling it away haul it back
steered by drivers whistling ragtime
against the sunsets.

Every day the people get up and carry the city,
carry the bunkers and balloons of the city,
lift it and put it down.

"I will die as many times
as you make me over again,"
says the city to the people,
"I am the woman, the home, the family,
I get breakfast and pay the rent;
I telephone the doctor, the milkman, the undertaker;
I fix the streets
for your first and your last ride—
Come clean with me, come clean or dirty,
I am stone and steel of your sleeping numbers;
I remember all you forget.
I will die as many times . .
as you make me over again."

Under the foundations,
Over the roofs,
The bevels and the blue prints talk it over.
The wind of the lake shore waits and wanders.
The heave of the shore wind hunches the sand piles.
The winkers of the morning stars count out cities
And forget the numbers.

. . .

At the white clock-tower
lighted in night purples
over the boulevard link bridge
only the blind get by without acknowledgements.

The passers-by, factory punch-clock numbers,
hotel girls out for the air, teameoes,
coal passers, taxi drivers, window washers,
paperhangers, floorwalkers, bill collectors,
burglar alarm salesmen, massage students,
manicure girls, chiropodists, bath rubbers.
booze runners, hat cleaners, armhole basters,
delicatessen clerks, shovel stiffs, work plugs—
They all pass over the bridge, they all look up
at the white clock tower
lighted in night purples
over the boulevard link bridge—
And sometimes one says, "Well, we hand it to 'em."

. . .

Mention proud things, catalogue them,
The jack-knife bridge opening, the ore boats,
the wheat barges passing through.
Three overland trains arriving the same hour,
one from Memphis and the cotton belt,
one from Omaha and the corn belt,
one from Duluth, the lumberjack and the iron range.
Mention a carload of shorthorns taken off the valleys
of Wyoming last week, arriving yesterday, knocked on
the head, stripped, quartered, hung in ice boxes today
mention the daily melodrama of this humdrum,
rhythms of heads, hides, heels, hoofs hung up.

. . .

It is wisdom to think the people are the city.
It is wisdom to think the city would fall to pieces
and die and be dust in the wind
If the people of the city all move away and leave no
people at all to watch and keep the city.
It is wisdom to think no city stood here at all until
the working men, the laughing men, came.
It is wisdom to think tomorrow new working men, new
laughing men, may come and put up a new city—
Living lighted skyscrapers and a night lingo of lanterns
testify tomorrow shall have its own say-so.

. . .

Night gathers itself into a ball of dark yarn.
Night loosens the ball and it spreads.
The lookouts from the shores of Lake Michigan
find night follows day, and ping! ping! across
sheet gray the boat lights put their signals.
Night lets the dark yarn unravel, Night speaks and
the yarns change to fog and blue strands.

The lookouts turn to the city.
The canyons swarm with red sand lights
of the sunset.
The atoms drop and sift, blues cross over,
yellows plunge.
Mixed light shafts stack their bayonets,
pledge with crossed handles.
So, when the canyons swarm, it is then the
lookouts speak
Of the high spots over a street . . . mountain language
Of skyscrapers in dusk, the Railway Exchange,
The People's Gas, the Monadnock, the Transportation,
Gone to the gloaming.

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The river turns in a half circle.
The Milwaukee Avenue bridge curves
over the river curve.
Then the river panorama
performs for the bridge,
dots . . . lights . . . dots . . . lights,
sixes and sevens of dots and lights,
a lingo of lanterns and searchlights,
circling sprays of gray and yellow.

. . .

A man came as a witness saying:
"I listened to the Great Lakes
And I listened to the Grand Prairie,
And they had little to say to each other,
A whisper or so in a thousand years.
'Some of the cities are big,' said one.
'And some not so big,' said another.
'And sometimes the cities are all gone,'
Said a black knob bluff to a light green sea."

. . .

Winds of the Windy City, come out of the prairie,
all the way from Medicine Hat.
Come out of the inland sea blue water, come where
they nickname a city for you.

Corn wind in the fall, come off the black lands,
come off the whisper of the silk hangers,
the lap of the flat spear leaves.

Blue water wind in summer, come off the blue miles
of lake, carry your inland sea blue fingers,
carry us cool, carry your blue to our homes.

White spring winds, come off the bag wool clouds,
come off the running melted snow, come white
as the arms of snow-born children.

Gray fighting winter winds, come along on the tearing
blizzard tails, the snouts of the hungry
hunting storms, come fighting gray in winter.

Winds of the Windy City,
Winds of corn and sea blue,
Spring wind white and fighting winter gray,
Come home here—they nickname a city for you.

. . .

The wind of the lake shore waits and wanders.
The heave of the shore wind hunches the sand piles
The winkers of the morning stars count out cities
And forget the numbers.

CARL SANDBURG.

Hopes and Fears As Regards America

II

BEFORE embarking upon controversial topics, I wish to say once more, with the utmost emphasis that I consider the American government the best (i. e. the least harmful) of the Great Powers in its international relations, and that I have the profoundest admiration for the American people. The American government is in the van of progress among governments; but, perhaps for that very reason, American radicals (if I am not mistaken) are somewhat less radical than those of some other countries. In Tsarist days, the radicals of Russia were the most thorough-going in the world; and it would seem that bad governments are a necessary condition of good oppositions.

There is one other preliminary point that I wish to make clear. I do not believe in the application of moral epithets in politics, whether of praise or blame. In a former communication, my love of monosyllables led me to speak of "knaves and fools," in a passage which you quite justly criticize. Instead of "knaves" I should have said "men who judge correctly as to their own interests"; and instead of "fools," "men who judge mistakenly as to the public interests." Moral epithets represent, I believe, an insufficient analysis and understanding; when men's actions are understood, they appear inevitable, and therefore no more worthy of praise or blame than sunshine or a thunderstorm.

European radicals for the most part believe that the Liberal ideals which prevailed in Europe in the sixties, and survived in England down to the death of Gladstone, are no longer applicable to the modern world. These old ideals, so far as economics are concerned, may be summed up in free competition. In America they retain a hold over advanced political thought which they have lost in Europe. We observe that free competition within a nation tends to be extinguished by the formation of trusts, and is then transferred to the international sphere. In that sphere, it is one of the most potent causes of modern wars; especially when it takes the more recent form of competition for the possession of raw materials rather than for markets. Since the end of the war, the competition for oil between America and Great Britain must have caused anxiety to every friend of peace; I understand that it is now happily ended, as a part of the general settlement exemplified at Washington. The new tendency is towards international agreements among the financiers and industrialists. The London Times of January 10th tells how a

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set of German financiers are in treaty with Messrs. Morgan for the rehabilitation of Russia; and the American policy of the Consortium for China is universally known.

This new policy of international capitalism is not on the lines of traditional liberal ideals. It would have shocked Montesquieu or Jefferson or Cobden. Nevertheless it is a policy offering certain definite hope for the world, because it is constructive and international. Nationalism is, to my mind, the worst evil of our time, and the one which must first be cured before any essential progress becomes possible. The big financiers are, in the modern world, the men who have most to gain pecuniarily from internationalism, because of the danger of ruin and bankruptcy throughout the eastern hemisphere; they have therefore become, for the moment, the exponents of the international idea. As they are immensely powerful, one may hope that they will overcome the nationalist opposition which exists everywhere, and is especially dominant in backward countries such as France and Japan. In so far as they stand for breaking down the barriers between nations, substituting international for national trusts, and restoring the machinery of production and exchange, the big financiers are attempting a work which is necessary if we are to recover from the effects of the war. In particular, they are doing a work which should be welcomed by socialists, because nationalism, both in feelings and in organizations, is the great enemy to socialist propaganda and to the creation of a true socialist government.

All this, however, leaves untouched the reasons which lead us to prefer socialism to capitalism. Assuming the utmost possible success for the schemes of international finance, they might give the world peace and an abundance of material goods. But they could not give it freedom, and it is very unlikely that they would give any high degree of prosperity to the ordinary wage-earner. Capitalist industrialism concentrates immense power in the hands of a few men; the remainder are robbed of their fair share of control over public affairs and over their own lives, even if, politically, the country they live in is a democracy. When I read what Americans write about political questions, I usually feel an insufficient realization of the control of politics by finance. Those who emphasize it, like Upton Sinclair, are thought to be muck-rakers, cynics and cranks. Even to suggest that when a big financier makes an investment, he usually does so in order to obtain a return for his money, is thought to be in very bad taste. The emissaries of the Consortium in China, for example, were mortally offended by the hint that the welfare of China was not the *only* thing American bankers were seeking. This attitude, naturally, greatly increased the suspicion with which they were regarded by the Chinese.

Economic determinism as an absolute doctrine appears to me to be mistaken. For one thing, it does not explain the passions which generate the groups towards which men feel herd-instinct. For another thing, I think the passion for power or for superiority to a rival is wider than economic self-interest. And I do not by any means deny that a certain percentage of mankind, in a certain percentage of their actions, are not egoistic. Politics, however, is concerned in the main with the average passions of large numbers of men, and as concerns individuals it is occupied almost exclusively with those who have exceptional power. In the modern capitalistic world, power belongs to the great financiers, who are not likely to be indifferent to economic self-interest, since those who are do not become very rich. At present, therefore, we are not likely to go very much astray in taking economic determinism as a practical guide to what is likely to happen. Certainly we shall go less astray than if we expect much idealism in the holders of power.

An extraordinary object lesson has been afforded by Russia. I suppose it is now generally known that the Bolsheviks were no worse than any other Russian party as regards atrocities or morals, and that they were making an honest attempt to establish a system which they, in common with many other people, believe to be better than capitalism. But they repudiated the Russian debt. Therefore Great Britain, France, Japan and America were willing to inflict death by slow starvation upon the population of Russia. (Great Britain, it is true, drew back when we saw that the Bolsheviks could menace our position in India; but this can hardly be called an idealistic motive.) When the failure of the harvest made it clear that the powers *could* inflict death by starvation, the Bolsheviks announced that they would assume responsibility for the debt and abandon the parts of their system which were most offensive to the big capitalists. Immediately the scene changed, and we find the nations tumbling over each other in their eagerness to relieve starving Russia. In view of this history, how can it be pretended that there is any country where idealistic motives outweigh a threat to the pocket? I presume readers of the New Republic know what happened when the Chinese government recently failed to meet an obligation of five and a half million dollars to a Chicago bank. America behaved exactly as any

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other power would have behaved in similar circumstances.

Practically all advanced opinion in Europe believes that the world's ills can only be cured by socialism. Nothing that we can find out about America makes us think that America has discovered any other way. On the contrary, we find in your semi-philanthropic commercialism the survival of a phase of incipient imperialism which we believe we have passed through. We think that America before the war had a liberal foreign policy because Americans had few investments abroad; that since the war, the pressing need of American finance has been to prevent European bankruptcy, which has led to an endeavor to restore peace and order. We infer that the very real merits of American foreign policy hitherto can all be explained by motives of self-interest, and are not likely to survive when self-interest turns against them. We think, in particular, that increase of power for American financiers means increase of persecution for socialists, since in America they are regarded with more intolerance than in any other country. We feel that this could be prevented if American radical opinion were more in harmony with that of Europe. But that is impossible so long as you continue to advocate the combination of political democracy with benevolent despotism in the sphere of economics.

This applies with especial force in international affairs. Western capital, with Germany as broker, is apparently to govern Russia; France, through reparations governs Germany; England and America have, if they choose to exercise it, a hold on France through French indebtedness, and America similarly could obtain a hold on us. As things stand, I think our influence on France and American influence on Great Britain would probably be beneficial, but I cannot say as much as regards western influence on Germany and Russia. That, however, is not the point. The point is that, under the present economic régime, the rich countries have immense power over the poorer ones, and also are able to drain the poorer countries of a very large part of the produce of their labor. The power of the richer countries will, of course, be used, as it has been in Russia, to prevent the propaganda, inauguration, or success of any system which robs the richer countries of their toll. To my mind, this régime is by its very nature contrary to justice, freedom, and democracy, all of which form part of liberal (as well as of socialist) ideals, in America as elsewhere. If I am wrong, I shall be glad to be shown my error.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

The Cave of Winds

AS you wind your way through corridors and up staircases toward the Senate Chamber, you are suddenly aware of sound waves of unusual violence, coming as if from the bowels of the earth, hardly animate, yet somehow familiar. A little nearer, and you will recognize it as the roar of human surf beating upon the political shore. You cannot hear the words, but you realize from the tone that the emotion behind them is anger, and their purpose denunciation. Only after two or three visits do you learn how often pride, prophecy, or mere information are pitched in the same indignant key.

Once inside, you look down from the galleries, as would a spectator on the brink of a bear-pit, into the Senate Chamber. Like a bear-pit it is, or a swimming pool filled with air instead of water, and bottomed with a great green carpet of a sea-floor. At this first glance, it seems full not of Senators, as possibly you expected, but of desks. Instead of dozens of important, attentive faces you see one heavy man, pink and smooth faced, with the largest sector of his anatomy covered by a great white waistcoat, on his feet and talking, or rather roaring, to a small audience of other less remarkable looking men, some of whom are reading papers, others writing busily, or leaning back half-asleep, or talking quietly together and occasionally breaking into subdued laughter.

The speaker knows that the laughter is not meant for him, and paying no attention to it, he goes on and on. His once neatly parted hair flops untidily, his black coated arms and large white hands sketch, in passionate angular gesticulations, an accompaniment to the despair or scorn or pleading of his voice. At one point some senatorial figure pokes itself partway through the swinging doors, and, seeing that Mr. Heflin of Alabama is still at it, beats a retreat. Nothing, apparently, will stop Mr. Heflin. Though he is mopping his face now after that last sentence, and shifting papers on his desk, the stream, temporarily halted, will flow again, carrying along on its harsh flood a broken discolored ice-jam of statistics, reminiscence, warning, vituperation. From no cold reading of his words in the next morning's Record can you conceive the prodigious hoarse wind which first fluttered them through space.

A speech by Senator Heflin is like an over-hot bath; immersion may be exciting, but you cannot stay there long. Inevitably your mind wanders back to the audience. Instead of ten thousand eager upturned faces from Alabama, there is only the Senate Chamber, calm and sparsely populated,

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with its white walls and luxuriant green floor. By each desk is a spittoon, of a green attractively in key with the rest. Opposite the desks, almost within an alcove decorated by a brilliantly new American flag, and behind a formidable desk, sits a slight, red-headed man, with one finger laid along his cheek, rocking very gently in his swivel chair: Calvin Coolidge. High up, above Mr. Coolidge, above the patient clock, are successive tiers of benches faced with white stone—the press gallery —from where, unless something unusual happens to fill it, one or two young men are staring down into the green pit.

Some Senator has suggested the absence of a quorum. The Secretary, in a voice to be envied even by Senators for its volume, begins to call the roll. "Mr. Ashurst, Mr. Ball, Mr. Borah . . ." Bells begin to ring somewhere outside. Out of the first dozen names only two or three answer "Here." At last they begin to come, the dimmed baldness of their heads forecasting their arrival from behind the glass doors. At first, they seem as much alike as some gathering of business men. Slowly the different types detach themselves, the figures of retired generals, of magnates, of farmers, of brisk rotarians, and the few slow-moving extant specimens of the real senator, with his tail coat and dignified mane of hair. From their seats, or in murmuring groups in the rear, they answer to their names. ". . . Mr. Willis" and a final "Here" rends the air. The late comers stand up to be recognized. Mr. Page of Vermont puts his white head through the door, answers, and goes out again. Yet there is not a quorum. The names of the absentees are called, with a yield of perhaps four more "here's." A lull. Still no quorum. Two late comers saunter in. "Here." At last, a nasal announcement from Mr. Coolidge: "Forty-nine Senators having answered to their names, there is a quorum present."

There was, there is no longer: many of them have trickled away, back to their offices, the marble room, the cloak-rooms. Gradually the Senate thins down to its average working quorum of fifteen or less diggers at piles of papers, or conversationalists, or the few transients who drop in between trips to the cloak-room, the casual listeners, the habitual listeners, the listeners who manage to read at the same time.

Perhaps you wonder at this small audience. Do riveters like to hear each other riveting? Do pile-drivers watch other pile-drivers for fun? While the East Wind is blowing, does the West Wind stand about with an appreciative ear? The Senators can read all about it next morning in the Record, and besides, their real work is done in committees, in caucuses, in haphazard conferences. Yet occasionally they miss something.

All but a dozen of them missed, for instance, the fine display of steamrollership administered by Mr. Lenroot of Wisconsin to Mr. Bursum of New Mexico, on the occasion of the latter's bill providing that all the emergency officers of a certain percent of disability be retired on the same terms as regular officers. Mr. Lenroot has a great hammer of a voice, clanging mercilessly, bitterly, like a fatal trap, and it goes well with an impatient face, hard and cornery, as if forged, or carved hurriedly out of ironwood. He stands rooted behind his desk, and whips Mr. Bursum with proof that he does not know his own bill, that his arguments would not be surprising if they came from a Democrat, that he has no conception of its consequences, that he did not know, and does not now care, if he creates a precedent whereby inevitably Civil War and Spanish War veterans must be retired at an additional cost of half a million. While this metallic thunder comes from an angular and savage man, Mr. Bursum stoops a little; he sits, an excess Republican, among the Democrats; he has no presence; his features are blurred, uncertain, as if once of wax that had slightly melted; his voice is trailing, indistinct, defeated; he moves uncertainly about, forward to plead an answer, back wanderingly to his desk to look up a document, which, after long pawing, he cannot find; the logic of his argument, hazy, ineffectively defiant, seems to demand that he go in and out among the desks, as if vainly pursuing its conclusion.

Another day we see Reed of Missouri in action. A one-sided man, with a dark bitter talent for improvised speech which he uses only in destruction. He never throws or squirts his vitriol, but pours it out drop by drop into perfectly formed little pools of sarcasm and hatred. After each sentence he waits for the acid to corrode its path into evil, and moves slowly a few steps to the right or left of his desk. A plain figure, neither fat nor thin, in plain blue clothes, with short business-like gray hair; features scornful, a little ascetic. His words have rhythm, design, but his voice none, breaking after periodic lulls into loud, dangerous tones; a clear-cut voice, of a few notes, except for times when, as he leans forward, it shrivels in an ecstasy of sarcasm.

Perhaps Wadsworth of New York, speaking for the officers, will reply to him. A shapely bald figure, very straight, young and vigorous, in a black cutaway; cold, incisive, with a voice of Eastern cultivation, in which a deep, intolerant anger moves just below the surface. Even when he is not angry this tone can be heard. I can see him

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respecting his anger, feeding it, taking it out on a leash for exercise, bringing it back into the Senate tugging to be heard, but still on leash.

Other Senators, once heard and seen, stand out from the mass. Willis of Ohio, voted by the stenographers the handsomest man in the Senate, modern, still athletic looking though over-weight, with a pitiless voice like the forcible mutilation of sheet iron. McCumber of North Dakota, drawn and hook-faced like an Albino Indian, from whose confident chest come long noises of hearty dulness, marred by "s" sounds whispering through the big words. Brandegee: too high a whistle for so heavy a locomotive. Norris: a pleasant, ungainly figure, a little white and tired, with a warm, honest, alert bass. Overman: maned and dignified, calm, old-fashioned voice, rumbling and broken with an involuntary buzz. Lodge: small, straight, dried, distinguished, speaking with joyless precision. Borah: an ominous figure, the small black cloud in the sky, which may at any moment overcast all heaven and pour down a dark hail of passionate, earnest, masterly eloquence.

At the beginning of the day, the big winds have not yet begun to blow. This sunny calm is the time for Senators to come in, read their mail, introduce bills, pay visits. It is a time of long friendly handshakes, jokes, agreeable tête-à-têtes, pats on the shoulder. Walsh of Massachusetts glances at one of the Hearst papers, and nothing is visible from behind the pages but a scant formless crop of hair and a bulky expanse of cheek and jaw. Tom Watson, whose hair is perfectly heaped in the lesser Senatorial manner, is examining his income tax blank, which he holds with delicate, if unconscious poise. The Beavers are at work: Warren, Walsh of Montana, Jones of Washington, whose honest back may be seen at almost any time bending over his desk, bending so diligently, even through the roll-call on the Yap treaty, that he inadvertently votes against it. On the left a small group is chatting: Moses and Johnson, seated, and Cummins and Wadsworth. Moses is making a mock speech to them in a low voice. Wadsworth and Cummins are amused, while Johnson fills Moses' coat pocket with torn scraps of paper.

The only time they can be seen all together, at full length, is when the President addresses Congress, and eighty-odd Senators tramp through the huge rotunda under the dome, toward the House, in close file, with solemn, sedentary step; a double column of successful men, showing curves graceless but importantly round.

Another day. There will soon be a vote on one of the treaties. An actual, living quorum is present. Seldom-seen figures are out of their haunts: Elkins, with swinging step, a childishly naked head set on a neat blue suit; Ernst, trim and crisp, like a retired colonel of pony cavalry; New, of inelastic gait, expectant unambitious back, a small head as if pulled, with its too-prolonged shoulders, out of an over-heavy body. Few are at work, only Jones and Warren. Borah comes slowly out of one of the doors by the throne, stops in the centre lane, with his head turned back, to take in, a trifle mockingly, the words of the speaker of the moment. There is a low hum of talk. Lodge is in his seat, motionless, cherishing a dead cigar. Turning suddenly to his neighbor, he makes unbelievably swift and fragile gestures, conveying unbearable impatience. In a few moments he is saying something to Underwood, both of them standing in the centre before the reporters' tables. Underwood understands, goes over to Reed, who is speaking and who answers his inaudible protest with a sharp "No, I'm not killing time; I'm speaking now." There follow last minute reservations from Democrats; interminable roll-calls.

As the secretary's monotonous boom rolls over the names, you sit back a minute to consider this gathering, our house of lords. Pictures come to you of long hardworking mediocre lives, of beginnings in small offices labelled "attorney," of endless smaller men, persuaded, routed, or added to a growing list of faithful friends, of racking days and nights spent in party war councils held in small towns, in small rooms vague and heavy with cigar smoke; of hundreds of angry, booming, windy, empty speeches on creaky platforms, in conventions, at county fairs, from the rear end of trains. You think of the kindly, limited party work-horses who have found in this room the final goal of dreams, and of that smaller company who still feed secretly in their hearts the last flicker of Presidential hopes.

Fancies, as you sit hunched and dozing in the gallery, fade into dreams, dreams into nightmares. Visions and portents haunt you, of a cave where all the winds are now chained, now free; of colonies of confident geysers, spouting alternately, of important toothless lions roaring at old bones and old shadows, of Senator Sirocco shaking, in one peroration, all the apples from all the apple trees in Alabama.

Your eyes swim; the Senate Chamber fantastically darkens; the carpet dissolves, rises like a flood until all you can see through its green fathoms are dim globes, gleaming obscurely, the bald heads of Senators now swallowed, crustacean. . . .

"McCormick, McCumber, McLean, McNary, Moses, Ladd..." a monotonous rumble half-awak-

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ens you. You have heard that kind of sound somewhere before. A midnight station, a full-throated conductor . . . "Next station McCumber, change for Moses Pond and White River Junction . . ."

Change for what? Change for the better, perhaps? Let us hope so, but let us not hope too high for our Senators. Let us change them if we will, if we can; have in new heads, new chests, new throats, but will not the winds that blow out of them be the same, always?

ROBERT LITTELL.

Slaves of the Roof

SORDID commerce fills the streets of our city; so what more natural than that we should mount toward the heavens to enjoy our pleasures in the cleaner, sweeter air that eddies about the nineteenth story? To emphasize the altitude, we will call the scene of our revelries, The Roof—though it is no such thing nor even by a floor or two, the attic. To emphasize the purity of the atmosphere at this height, as you shall see when we get there, we will fill the room with cigarette smoke of a distinguished and expensive blue tinge.

11:30 P. M.

Up we go, chauffeured by the most knowing of elevator men, who sheathes unutterable urbanity behind his lowered glance. Turn to the left, and surrender your outer garments to a lady pirate in black and white. We have already sacrificed the wealth of Midas at a ticket office below; and having thus bought our way past the purgatory of the anteroom, find ourselves in a jiffy seated at an unbelievably small square table, one of a hundred crowded upon narrow terraces which rise about a central patch of waxed and polished dancing floor.

It seems very simple, this place which is the mecca of a million fatigued industrial barons. If one had not been told, one would find it hard to guess that it represents the final flowering of the recreational impulse in (all together, now!) the greatest city of the greatest country in the greatest era of the greatest civilization of the greatest planet of one of the less important solar systems.

But to be sure, this is the sort of simplicity that is expensive; and the smallness of the room is necessary if our band is to feel select. The terraces surround three sides, and rise to the height of perhaps two feet; the most remote table is only a hop, skip and jump from the dancing floor. On the fourth side, the latter runs back to an arched proscenium, filled just now by one of those very plain, dull-looking curtains which imply the hand of a stage designer of the new school. At one side of the proscenium, two or three tables would seem to have been wrenched out. Into this space a dozen Negro musicians have been crowded, so close together that we tremble for the cranium of the violinist when the trombone player extends his instrument. The leader, with just room to balance on tip-toe behind the grand piano, leans forward over it and cajoles his men into performing their task, which is to play quite ordinary jazz just as it is played by every other Broadway orchestra. After all, jazz is but jazz; no orchestra can make it either more or less hideous, even though the performers have been imported, as these have, from the Aleutian Islands or Tierra del Fuego or some other end of the earth, where, for some mysterious reason, jazz orchestras seem to grow.

Though we are seated halfway across the room, the noise of the music is nearly enough to batter us into insensibility. One is stunned, stupefied, even while the animal beat of one's pulse is quickened by a rhythm of the African forest. Only the waiter is unaffected. He stands beside us, stolid as Charon waiting for passengers, for he knows that order we will, and order we must. It is an interesting menu: Chicken salad, $2.25 a portion, breast of chicken, $2.75, crabflakes, $2.00, grapefruit, $1.00, ice-cream, 60 cents. Drinks (all non-alcoholic in spite of a pathetic retention of the old names) are 75 cents and up. The explanation, of course, is that the patrons of The Roof who have come from all parts of the United States to spend their surplus money in New York, expect to be held up, want to be held up, and would be disappointed if the hold-up were not a genuine 18-carat affair.

12 Midnight.

These details are pushed aside by a momentous development. A buzzer has sounded twice just above the orchestra leader's head; the great curtain sways slightly; the Midnight Revel is about to begin.

Louder music than ever, and the heads of a hundred Rotary Club members from fifty cities are turned toward the stage, every man proudly conscious of the fact that he is wearing immaculate full-dress, and that it is being taken for granted by everybody else. The curtain splits down the middle, the parts remove themselves and reveal a green and mossy bank and behind it a back-drop of a flat sky tone. All as chaste and simple as a Tiffany jewel box, and this is as it should be; for here come the jewels!

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There are only eight of them; the skilful lapidary does not dump a hundred of his gems before a bewildered customer all at once. They come slowly, single file, dressed in the costume of 1855, with bell-like hoop-skirts which sway to every movement of their lithe young bodies. How can one describe their queenly certainty of being the Elected, the Beauties of all Beauty? Certainly I shall not attempt the egregious folly of a catalogue of charms. Will statistics help? There are 105,000,000 persons in these United States, of whom 53,000,000 are females, as the brutal Census Bureau calls them. Perhaps 8,000,000 are of the right, the only age, say, from seventeen to twenty-four, and of this total no doubt all but 16,000 were applicants for a position in the Midnight Revel. And twenty were taken! In the lift of every shoulder and the tilt of every chin, may be read an acute consciousness of the 400,000 sisters who were passed over that This might be the Chosen One. And in the swing of those same shoulders is the memory also that there are 52,000,000 in the United States who are *not* females.

In the interest of science one must record that these lovely creatures do not know how to walk. Or if they are right, all the rest of us are wrong. Ordinary mortals put one foot before the other; but the Houri bring the right foot up to the left, there is a perceptible pause, then the right foot moves on, plants itself, the left foot comes up even with it, there is another pause, and so on. Their attitude is abnormal in another respect. If you are the soul of delicacy, you will say that they practice the obverse of the Grecian bend. If you are coarse but accurate, you will note the brutal truth that the young ladies push their tummies before them as they go. . . .

12:30 A. M.

Disguise it as you will, hash is still hash; and despite fabulous prices, young women so beautiful that they are curios, and the lateness of the hour, the entertainment offered is but vaudeville, with intermissions for dancing. The vaudeville is good; but it is not superhuman as the girls are superhuman. One feels that the creative genius of the place exhausted his impulse when he chose these maidens and taught them to move and look and wear clothes. When his young women exhibit themselves with music sounding, we feel that the touch is sure and right. But when an idea is attempted, when even the most timid baby plot intrudes, the note becomes wrong. It is like asking a priest to jig. . . .

A bad tradition is followed in assuming that all pretty girls can sing; and the results are dreadful. However, the orchestra leader is a strategist; his men play louder and no damage is done. Moreover, by this time most of the audience is in a state of sufficient alcoholic excitement to be unable to tell good singing from bad, even if it knows the difference when sober, which is doubtful.

The buzz of conversation at the tables, which from the beginning has been an obligato to the incessant jazz, has been rising in volume and pitch. Each of us has a little wooden mallet with which to thump upon the table, and we are now using these oftener and more loudly. Over at the second table a thin, bald-headed man, with shoebrush mustache and horn spectacles, sits and pounds steadily, staring into space. It is like the drum in the forest in The Emperor Jones, and the savage thump! thump! seems somehow to be the explanation, the distilled essence of the whole carnal—but not sordid—scene.

1:00 A. M.

Alcohol, some savant has noted, relaxes the inhibitions of the higher cortical centres; and this fact begins to show as we dance during the intermissions. Yet we are by no means as bad as we are imagined by those horrified pulpiteers who are so intrigued by vice that they spend their time hunting for it. The lady's arm is around the gentleman's neck, in a warm but casual embrace. The other arm is stuck out stiffly to meet the gentleman's hand in mid-air, just as in the old proper days. The cheek to cheek method is not much used, the traffic being so heavy that a look-out fore and aft is necessary to avoid some bad bumps. The most popular step consists of bending the knees and shuffling forward as though you were on slippery ice.

However, this is Liberty Hall; and if the out-of-town buyer from Dubuque, Macon or Dallas has not learned even the oldest of the new dances, he may two-step and no one will say him nay. Nay is said, if at all, by a fatherly head waiter, who stands at the edge of the floor gazing at us as though all the ladies were his debutante daughters. From time to time he darts forward, lays his hand on a gentleman's arm, says three quick words and ducks back. The couple admonished look sheepish, and proceed to add a cubit of decorum by taking thought. If, on the other hand, the gentleman decides he has been insulted and ishn't gonna stan' fer it, strong and ready hands will lay hold on him and remove him to the revivifying cool night air.

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You can tell we are in the era of prohibition, for everyone is drinking whiskey. How do they get it? One has heard of making arrangements with the waiter at the rate of twelve dollars, but ours is not a muckraking expedition and we do not try it, nor do we see it being done. For all we know, pocket flasks are the rule; but whatever the source, it is there in quantities which should certainly be ample. In some cases, more than ample—vide the gentleman behind us who has captured the hand of his lady and despite her struggles, intends to kiss it in courtly fashion. It will be a miracle if in the process he does not upset his whiskey, the flower vase, the table and the lady.

1:30 A. M.

Refreshed by the dancing, we settle down to enjoy the remainder of the show, now wholly feminine. The few male entertainers of the early stages have given up and retired, disheartened by the attempt to compete with so much priceless beauty.

The room is darkened; even the spotlights, operated from a balcony by interne-like, white-jacketed gentlemen, are switched off, and a lady appears in a ballet dress that is phosphorescent. Yes, sir! phosphorescent! Just like a radio-light wrist watch! Here is something to talk about in Kansas City! She sings her song, and at the chorus the curtains swing back from the unlighted stage, and The Twenty appear in white tights against a black velvet background. Concealed lamps beneath their feet throw gleams so faint that they, too, seem phosphorescent and in this mystical half-darkness they go through a complicated drill—rising, sitting, crossing one leg over the other knee, then over one's neighbor's knee. Skill in making feminine charm romantic could hardly go further. . . . One is reminded of the adolescent's dreams in Wedekind's Awakening of Spring. Oddly enough, the feminine half of the audience is the more strenuous in its applause.

2:30 A. M.

The performance has ended in a blaze of shimmy, but no one is rude enough to suggest that we go home. After all, you can stay up until 2:30 A. M. even in Denver; why have we come, if not to set new records? The jazz orchestra is still undaunted, and the spirits of its leader never flag. At each moment he is as solicitous and delicate as a painter putting the final touches on a masterpiece, though his chef d'oeuvre is but a horrid galaxy of noises. We still dance, albeit the floor is not quite so crowded. Is this because some have gone home, or are the feet of the faithful getting too uncertain? Who has time for such arid hypotheses? We are Making a Night of It, and will not be deterred even though we are bored to extinction. A glance around the room at the haggard faces of the women and the sagging jowls of the men would seem to indicate that this is the case. If looks are true, we are all unutterably weary and are flogging ourselves forward in spite of it.

Some of the Prize Beauties have changed into street clothes and joined gentlemen friends at the tables. They sip their five fingers of whiskey demurely, with appealing glances from beneath down-curving hat brims. (The management buys their stage costumes, but the clothes they wear off duty are another and a less expensive matter.) It is a point of honor, when you earn your living by being young and vivacious, never to admit that you are tired. Therefore, these girls who have just gone through exercise a tenth of which would kill their gentleman friends, must accept the invitation to dance. To dance for pleasure. Their faces, while engaged in dancing for pleasure, are worth studying.

3:00 A. M.

But even a Negro jazz orchestra has human limitations. Like a dying swan this one has uttered its final unearthly notes and is packing up to go. The lady pirates of the cloak-room, who have waited long for their revenge, will get it now in full measure. Shall we take a taxi and go to some really lively place, a place where the hula-hula dancer wears the costume popularly supposed to be employed in Tahiti for bathing? A place which does not open until two, and winds up with a free breakfast of ham and eggs at seven in the morning for all who have stood the strain that long?

By all means! Our modest demand from life is, first that we shall be permitted to waste money as though the purse were bottomless. Second, we want the utmost final titillation of the senses—always with the note of sex overstressed. Finally, we want noise—any quantity of noise—noise which shall beat in upon our ear-drums and drown out for a space the ceaseless uproar which has been put there by this tumultuous iron-bound civilization of ours. Lend me a dollar to tip the taxi man, and we're off again!

BRUCE BLIVEN.

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The Great Ditch in Haiti

NO one who has not been in Haiti recently, can realize how tense a moral situation is there. The psychological antagonism between Haitian and Occupation "society," the maladjustments of human beings of two races, which at first may appear superficial, are in reality as sound an interpretation of the evils of the American Occupation of the republic as any that exists. It is a revelation even to one who goes to Haiti convinced by the historical facts of the iniquity of our intervention there, to see the hatred that exists on both sides, the "grand fossé," (the great ditch, —a Haitian phrase) between the American military and the Haitians. The psychological intricacies, the complexes and inhibitions, the mental and emotional wheels within wheels, which flourish in Port-au-Prince in both American and Haitian circles could provide material for another Plain Tales from the Hills, or if made the basis for a study in racial antagonisms and the abuse of power, could start a new school for the psycho-analysis of peoples.

I was in Port-au-Prince exactly three days, too short a time, many will say, to judge fairly of anything, but at least short enough for the most vivid impressions to remain undulled. I saw the city and the harbor for the first time at dawn. The intense quivering blue of southern water runs deep into the surrounding curves of the mountain ranges, whose irregular furrowed slopes that day caught the early sunlight and shadow between every volcanic ridge, and the city was spread out white on the plain at the extreme depth of the harbor, with rosy fringes of scattered houses running up onto the foothills. A fishing fleet made a huddle of masts and spars at the dock and an irregular sail or two broke the expanse of water.

I wish an American Gauguin, for choice, would wander and paint in the streets and market-places of the city,—wide streets with colonnaded sidewalks where in the narrow strip of shade the goods of each little shop are displayed,—hats, baskets, calico, cheap jewelry, cotton plaids for bandannas, earthern jugs and water bottles. He would like the open market stretched on the great square below the high cathedral. Hundreds of black men and women in rags and half naked children squat all day in the white heat displaying for sale, dry corn by the handful, baskets of unpolished rice, sugar-cane and tufted fodder grass in bundles, cocoanuts, alligator pears and mangoes. Everywhere color and movement,—women on burros riding perched above loaded panniers, their wide straws flapping on turbaned heads, their inevitable slippers falling off the heels of bare feet, men whipping their way along on very thin and very recalcitrant horses, children vending candy or bread from wooden boxes carried on their heads. Everything from a tin cup to a load of wood or a wardrobe trunk is carried on the head, and the constant procession of erect, gay, glossy-faced women with huge baskets resting on their turbans makes a vivid pageant in the streets. The business men in scrupulous white come and go in hacks or in their own carriages and automobiles, and at break-neck speed (the inertia of the tropics does not seem to have yet penetrated the souls of automobile engines and chauffeurs). But for repose one need only cross the barren Champs de Mars, pass the dead white expanse of the Presidential Palace, and climb into the narrow streets of the residential district. Here all is quiet and comfort. High stucco walls seclude the gardens from the streets, walls which are hung with purple bougainvillea, pink la-belle-Mexicaine, and in the gardens between the cobbled walks are roses, such roses, white Christmas flower, red masses of poinsettia and huge-blossomed hibiscus. The houses, set back under cocoanut or royal palms, are ornate, high-storied wooden villas with a rococo charm of their own. At the gates of the most pretentious estates, especially as one mounts the more aristocratic slopes towards the Hotel Montagne and Turgeau, are placards bearing the legends, "Col. or Capt. So-and-So," "Lieut. Such-and-Such, U. S. Marine Corps." And here in the streets one will meet American children on horseback with their black attendants, or Mrs. Captain in her olive drab machine driven by a marine orderly. At last one has the secret of why the Occupation, officers, wives and families, are trying so hard to be allowed to remain in Haiti. Why of course, where else can one live in a villa with nine servants, horses, automobiles, on a diet of chicken, alligator pears, and heart of palm for a few cents a day, fine French wines and native rum for the ordering, and all on a second lieutenant's pay? Where else, too, can an officer draw double pay, as so many do in Haiti, with commission in both the Marine Corps and the Haitian gendarmerie? It is an existence delightful enough to fight tooth and nail to preserve. And fighting they are. The defensive attitude of the Occupation can only make one say again, "The lady doth protest too much, me-

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thinks." Towards the offensive tactics one cannot be so mild. The psychology is one of hate, and the actions, plans, schemes, are just all over again the alarms rumors, gossip, slander and malice of war psychology.

The drawing of the color line was the first manifestation of the "grand fossé." In the early days of the Occupation, six years ago, the American officers and the Haitians were great friends. It was only when American wives began to arrive in any number that the welcome of Haitian society was rebuffed. American officers could be polite to Haitian ladies but they did not want to see their wives dancing with gentlemen of color. The Haitians naturally retaliated in kind and the officers were not asked to join the select Haitian clubs. Now a member of the Occupation is never invited to a Haitian social function and even the members of the present American-made Haitian government are excluded since they are considered renegades and the tools of the Occupation. The feeling was so strong in Port-au-Prince before the arrival of the Senatorial Commission that the Cercle Bellevue and the Port-au-Princien, the two smartest clubs of the capital, were not willing to plan a ball for the Senatorial party until assured that the Senators were not going to stay in the homes of the Occupation. The much talked of recent rapprochement between the Haitians and the Occupation does not in fact exist.

The gap is now so wide, from the American point of view, that not only Haitians but Americans who associate with or are friendly to the Haitians are taboo to the Occupation. Those of us who, as journalists, lawyers or mere wives, went to Port-au-Prince in December with the Senatorial Commission and were seen to be the friends of the Haitians, were at once banned by the Occupation and the workings of the psychology of hate began. An editor of an American weekly was said to have tried to bribe a Haitian witness to perjure herself, an American woman (daughter of a distinguished congressman with a son of her own in the navy) who was there to send news to an American press service, was said to have put the United States flag upside down in a glass of water at an official dinner party. The story grew,—soon she had stamped on the flag. Another American press woman who looked like a school girl and who had perhaps rather too radical a line of Greenwich Village talk, was said to be the mistress of a Haitian politician.

All of these happenings are very insignificant and beneath notice except that they are indicative of the Occupation's state of mind. For the friends of the Haitians it was a privilege to be free to consort only with them. What are these Haitians like who are so banned by the American military? Colored people? yes certainly, almost all of them have Negro blood mixed with their French, a very happy combination, for they are above all distinguished for their charm, sweetness and esprit. For the most part they have been educated in Europe, have travelled and speak several languages; they are so many layers in culture above the army or navy man and his wife that the visiting American must feel ashamed of his country's representatives,—especially when an officer after several drinks asks him, "How do you like the big niggers?"

These very Americans are the ones who cannot understand the quality of Madame and Maître B., Madame who received us with such graciousness in her cool darkened salon. Her white hair, clear cut features and sensitive aristocratic face made one feel at once, "This is one of the world's élite." She spoke English perfectly, having lived in Washington where her father was Haitian minister during Lincoln's presidency. And now her face was drawn with pain when she put her hand on her heart and said, "How I am hurt, I who have counted so many Americans my close friends. Ah, you can never comprehend ce grand fossé." And her husband Maître B., who, as his wife said, was always called to help his country in the worst crises, Maître B. said to me in French smiling his quizzical smile, "Ah oui, Madame, mon grandpère en France a aimé une négresse, et voilà, je suis Haitien!" a Haitian who thoroughly loves his country.

These American officers too, would not perhaps have enjoyed the afternoon at Mme. L's, when we went after the heat of the day had passed for "un petit goûter." After cakes and limonade and kola, Graves and rum, which were set out on the porch on a table covered with a red flowered cloth, around which Madame and Monsieur L. and their four silent smiling daughters and two sons and the three of us sat, one of the daughters sang to us, while the pet lizard, who they assured us was musical, drew near to listen. And still less would Occupation Americans have liked the climax of the afternoon when the eldest daughter recited to us with dramatic fervor a patriotic poem of her father's. As the young voice rose higher and more fiercely with each verse, an accompaniment of groans and low wailings became apparent from behind the screen leading to the servant's quarters, bursting out into sobs at the last with the final exhortation, "Haiti, lève-toi!"

Perhaps, however, the Occupation would better comprehend the conversation which I heard across

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the table from me at the dinner of the Cercle Bellevue ball, although it puzzled the worthy Senator to whom the pretty Haitian girl was talking, (in perfect English as the Senator lacked French) "Eat well, Senator," she said with her most coquettish tilt of the head. "Eat well, you know we are cannibals and we insist on having our victims well fattened!"

No, the Americans do not do well to criticize and shun the Haitians as being beneath them socially. There are, however, criticisms which they may make more justly, such as that in Haiti there are but two economic strata, the well-to-do and the very poor,—there is no middle register in the economic scale, a great weakness in any country's social foundation. The lack of adequate schools and sanitation, the very primitive state of the people as a whole, the use of government positions for self-aggrandizement, the over-emphasis on the joy of living rather than on serious economic and governmental reforms, undoubtedly accounted for some of the chaotic political conditions which the United States claims were among the causes leading us to intervene in 1915, although stronger and less justifiable motives are also apparent. That the seizure of Haitian funds by Admiral Caperton and the forcing through of a treaty by military pressure in 1915, and the continuation of American troops in occupation after the election of a Haitian president, were contrary to international law and all American principles of justice towards small nations, cannot be denied. Now that we are in occupation it is just to say that we cannot withdraw all our troops immediately (especially since we have not trained Haitians as officers to lead the native gendarmerie), but the preliminary report issued two months ago by the Senatorial Commission after its return from Haiti is disheartening in the extreme. This report recommends that the military occupation remain exactly as it now is with the maintenance in Haiti of the same force of marines, the only change to be the appointment of a civil High Commissioner to have both civil and military direction of the republic. From this report the Commission apparently intends that we absorb Haiti,—there can be no other interpretation since they make no recommendation towards our eventual withdrawal. They do recommend that officers be selected who will be sympathetic to the Haitians, but the psychological tension between the Haitians and the Occupation is now so high that no improvement in the personnel can remedy the situation. The military must go. I have not touched upon the conditions in the interior where the cruelty and abuse and proved cases of atrocities (even if few in numbers) to the natives by American marines, have created an atmosphere of fear and treachery. And now very recently the appointment by President Harding of Brigadier-General Russell as High Commissioner (in fact if not in name) has been announced. General Russell is the candidate of the Senate Commission and his appointment if not so tragic would be comic,—for he is the officer above all others hated and distrusted by the Haitians,—the man who has been the head of the Occupation for over three years,—the man under whose leadership "the great ditch" was finally completed. Certainly the American people who have allowed the bigotry and ignorance displayed by our officers to run riot in Haiti, and now through the mouths of their Senators recommend the continuation of this situation, must make a last effort to prevent the submergence of the little Caribbean republic which has been able to control its own destinies from 1804 to 1915. Hearings are to be continued in Washington before the Senate Commission, and Senator King has presented a resolution calling for the absolute withdrawal of naval forces from Haiti. The American people has one more chance to speak aloud for decency and honor.

KATHARINE SERGEANT ANGELL.

The Washington Conference

Report of the New York Council for Limitation of Armament

THE New York Council for the Limitation of Armament having concluded its activities in connection with the recent International Conference held in Washington, desires to submit to its constituent organizations the following statement and report of its activities.

Although the official statements and press reports cover the Conference completely, the Executive Committee believes that the cooperating groups of the New York Council will welcome the following analysis of its results, and suggestions as to our own future activity.

SPECIFIC GAINS FROM THE CONFERENCE

1. The establishment of a precedent for Conferences on international affairs in place of action through diplomatic agencies and methods.
2. The education of public opinion on foreign affairs.
3. The beginnings of consultation between governments and educated public opinion in regard to international relations.
4. The removal from the public mind of the fear of Japanese aggression against the United States.
5. The scrapping of battle-ships and elimination of former competitive naval building programme.
6. The prohibition of the use of submarines as commerce destroyers.

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7. For the first time as a nation the United States placed on record as against the use of poison gas.

And finally

For the first time as a nation the United States has taken definite steps toward international cooperation and association in

8. The Four Power Pact.
9. The Nine Power Pact.

SPECIFIC GAINS IN THE FAR EAST

a. Reduction of fortification programme in Far East.
b. Settlement of cable controversies.
c. Withdrawal of foreign postoffices in China.
d. Establishment of commission to investigate Chinese courts.
e. Return to China of radio stations.
f. Tariff concessions in China.
g. International agreement to exchange information on all commitments concerning China.
h. Re-affirmation by the United States, and acceptance by other nations, of the principle of the Open Door.

SHANTUNG SETTLEMENT

(The good offices of the members of the Conference, notably those of Mr. Balfour and Secretary Hughes, have, no doubt, contributed to this important agreement between China and Japan, though for this pact the Conference has no responsibility.)

THE INFLUENCE OF ORGANIZED PUBLIC OPINION ON THE CONFERENCE *

1. Public opinion, by the demand for a real measure of disarmament, forced the calling of the Conference.
2. Public opinion demanded concrete statements of aims, and actual accomplishment. The knowledge of this enabled Secretary Hughes to make his concrete proposal at the outset.
3. Public opinion induced the better treatment of China (Missionary endeavor, education of Chinese youth, and repeated governmental appeals for justice for China, including the return of the Boxer Indemnity, are a part of United States history).
4. Public opinion demanded the return of Shantung and forced a settlement of that controversy.
5. Public opinion modified the position of the American delegates in respect to submarines.

FAILURES OF PUBLIC OPINION

1. Public opinion demanded a greater publicity than was accorded for the deliberations of the Conference.
2. Public opinion demanded the complete elimination of the submarine.
3. Public opinion demanded the complete elimination of the use of poison gas, and other means of chemical warfare.
4. Public opinion demanded the full consideration of the past and present position of foreign powers in China.

* The extent to which public opinion expressed itself to the American delegates is indicated by the 13,500,000 messages received in Washington.

THE PRESS

The Press was placed in a novel position of responsibility and earned the gratitude of the people of this country by rising to the measure of its opportunity. It was informed accurately and promptly, was able to educate the public effectively, and to aid in obviating misunderstanding. However, the very extent of confidence accorded the Press acted as a practical censorship in certain situations.

THE ADVISORY COMMITTEE

The Advisory Committee, which was assumed by the public to have been appointed in order to bring public opinion to the Conference and to inform the public as to the nature and intention of Conference activities, failed to operate effectively in certain important controversies. While General Pershing and a few other leaders were able to overcome the opposing tendencies in a way which has justly earned national appreciation, nevertheless in the Committee's reports the advice of technical experts with regard to submarines, gas, etc., prevailed even against the overwhelming consensus of public opinion.

ORGANIZED CITIZEN GROUPS

Special groups were formed in connection with the Conference, such as the National Council for the Limitation of Armament, The General Committee (of which Samuel Gompers was Honorary Chairman), and other organizations formed either nationally or in the various states. Of these the New York Council for the Limitation of Armament was typical. It consisted of the following:

1. New York City Federation of Women's Clubs.
2. Society for Ethical Culture.
3. Women's Pro League Council.
4. New York State and City League of Women Voters.
5. American Association of University Women, New York Branch.
6. Y. W. C. A. Northeastern Field.
7. Metropolitan Board Y. W. C. A.
8. The N. Y. State Woman's Christian Temperance Union.
9. Women's International League for Peace.
10. Hunter College Alumnæ.
11. Women's City Club.
12. N. Y. State Federation of Women's Clubs.
13. Federation for Child Study.
14. Women's Trade Union League.
15. Girl Scouts.
16. Junior League.
17. New York Council of Jewish Women.
18. Young Women's Hebrew Association.

The following men's organizations also cooperated:

1. City Club.
2. The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, Commission on International Justice and Good Will.

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3. The Vigilantes.
4. The Rotary Club.
5. National Student Committee on Limitation of Armament.

OUTLINE OF COUNCIL ACTIVITIES

The above women's organizations, through the New York Council, joined in a central office and Executive Committee and functioned in the following way:

Covering the period of the Conference, seven resolutions were forwarded to President Harding, the American conferees, and in some instances to individual senators (Copies of the resolutions may be secured from the New York Council).

To its members and to the public the Council undertook the following:

1. Two Speakers' Schools.
2. Three general meetings with speakers.
3. A Speakers' Bureau. Providing of speakers throughout New York State, including a two weeks tour in connection with the National Council after the conclusion of the Washington Conference.
4. Preparation and distribution of 125,000 pieces of literature throughout the state. Preparation and publication of Manual, The Far East.
5. An automobile parade on Armistice Day.
6. A special exhibit at the exposition, America's Making.
7. Preparation and promotion of one Movie Film.
8. Press articles.
9. Weekly conferences by representatives of organizations.
10. Formation of study groups on the Far East.

The Council has been resolved into a standing committee on disarmament and on international cooperation. It suggests that the organizations which have formed the Council organize special committees within their groups to urge and promote disarmament among the nations.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS OF THE CONFERENCE

(Nothing can be classed as unfinished business which was not specifically on the official programme of the Conference for its consideration.)

1. There was no plan for the limitation of land armament.

2. Though the Conference recognized China's "territorial integrity" in principle it failed to do so in fact, since France, Japan and Great Britain did not give up their respective holdings.

3. In regard to China's "administrative integrity," though the Conference withdrew three important limitations (Viz. foreign postoffices, foreign radio station, and to a certain extent tariff concessions) it did not act upon other questions involved in extra-territoriality, foreign courts, the presence of foreign troops.

4. The Open Door was recognized, but a proposal for a Board of Reference with power to examine and report upon all commitments in existence regarding China, was withdrawn.

WHAT NEXT?

Demand that in the selection of delegates to future Conferences their past record and expressed convictions should be in accord with the ends sought. Individuals who are cynical as to disarmament and world cooperation for peace are unlikely to achieve these ends.

Urge that eventually the Four Power Treaty be amended so as to include Siberia and China within the scope of its operations.

Watch all naval and military appropriations made by Congress and inquire of your Senator or Congressman the amount and the purpose of each appropriation.

Inform yourselves in the same way on the expenditures by our government for the manufacture of poison gas and other war material. Remember that these inquiries relate to the subject of disarmament. Submarines and gas are weapons of war. Their manufacture and use are part of military and naval preparedness and, as such, foster suspicion between nations, and, through the militaristic spirit make war more likely. Do not be misled by arguments as to difficulty of control or questions as to their relatively barbarous or humane character. It is a question relating to reduction of armament.

If your local press disregards international questions or appears to foster a partial view, prepare or secure press matter and urge its publication by local editors.

Form study groups around the Far Eastern question (See Manual, The Far East) and induce local libraries to purchase the books recommended in the bibliography to be placed on a prominent bookshelf immediately before the frequenters of the library.

CONCLUSION

The colossal waste and suffering of the World War has forced the mind of the peoples of the earth to a new consideration of the meaning of war. Thoughtful people everywhere desire that war should be known to all men for what it is in fact—the murderer of the youth of the race, the paralysis of production and commerce, the forerunner of pestilence and famine, spreading ruin and desolation alike upon victors and vanquished,—THE SUICIDE OF CIVILIZATION.

We urge upon you a campaign of education demanding the sweeping reduction of the armaments of all nations. The naval holiday is our opportunity for greater achievement.

It is obvious, however, that reduction of armament alone will not achieve our end, but that we must steadily urge future conferences leading to permanent international association.

We believe in the submission of all questions between nations either to arbitration or an International Court.

We owe an infinite debt to the statesmen of this country, who have once more asked the American people to lead the people of other countries towards a new world.

A union of all states for Peace is our goal and we dedicate ourselves to its achievement.

MISS RUTH MORGAN, Chairman.
MRS. WILLARD D. STRAIGHT,
Vice-Chairman.
MRS. GORDON NORRIE
MISS AMEY ALDRICH
MRS. HARRY WARD
MISS CHRISTINA MERRIMAN
MISS EVA POTTER
MISS MARY DREIER
MRS. JOHN J. MOORHEAD
Committee on Report.

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The Hairy Ape

The Hairy Ape, by Eugene O'Neill. The Provincetown Players, March 9, 1922.

TO say anything about Eugene O'Neill's new play we must begin at the very start and say over again that the art of the theatre is a separate and distinct art in itself. It is not easy to define; but it can at least be said to consist of movement, a rhythm, a pattern of elements that are distinctly its own characteristics. And other points about it can at least be indicated: that dialogue in literature, for example, is not the same as dialogue in the art of the theatre, words that are heard change their quality somewhat, words heard with the accompaniment of a visual experience change; repetition gets a different effect; the cumulative result of things said alters too; and so on. But all arts are obscured in their essential character with borrowings from other arts and with things which, however delightful and even desirable, are inessentials nevertheless to the art taken of itself. Sculpture, for one example, may borrow from painting; its fundamental sculptural basis may be confused, covered up, or the lack of it hidden, with the attractions of these added details. But the final test for any sculpture is the extent to which it can be stripped down to its own fundamentals. And the finest achievement in any art always rests on the success of its employment of those elements that determine its essential and individual nature.

All of which needs to be said before we say that The Hairy Ape is a fine example of the art of the theatre. Not of fine writing, which it is not always, nor of subtle analysis or engrossing plot and enthralling spectacle; all these may be delightful enough but they are not the essentials. But a fine example of dramatic rhythm, of a pattern of movement. The progress and development of this play's fundamental structure is so simple and inevitable that by the casual it might be easily taken for granted. The line of the pattern is so simple and so rightly seen that it might escape consideration. The medium is in the main so rightly discovered and employed that the spectator's eye will be apt to turn entirely, with pleasure or with resentment, to the subject-matter. But it is just this that makes The Hairy Ape such solid theatre, that it delivers its content with such unescapable finality of design. And it is just this that makes The Hairy Ape more significant as theatre than many other plays that are more delightful or even more powerful or more profoundly psychological, if you like, in their general appeal.

The story of the play moves so clearly and so straight as to seem almost obvious, which, as a matter of course, it becomes only through the simplifying unity of the control that has been exerted on it. In the first scene a crowd of stokers and sailors are drinking in the firemen's forecastle of an ocean liner an hour out from New York. Yank, the leader of them all, boasts and bullies, he makes the world go round, he is steel, he is twenty-five knots an hour, he belongs. Two days later the steel king's daughter on her way to new possibilities of sensation in the London slums completes her pose by coming with two officers to see the stokehole. At the sight of Yank's face there in the darkness and lurid light, something beyond anything that her slums have shown her, she faints. The next scene is the forecastle again; the men drink and jeer at Yank, who sits trying to think. She has called him a beast, she has looked at him as if he were a hairy ape, she has broken his nerve; he'll get her yet, he'll fix her white face. And three weeks later on Fifth Avenue he waits for her kind as they come out of church, bumps into them, tries to insult them, without making a single dent, and gets himself beaten up and carried off by the police. And then Yank awakes in a cell, with the prison howling about him, and thinks himself in the zoo. He tells his wrongs and his fellows advise him to join the I. W. W. Which in the next scene he comes to do, but under the delusion that the society works with dynamite. They take him for a secret agent and throw him out. Then in front of their door he sits, wondering where he belongs, where he shall go; and an officer hustles him along; he may go "to hell." And finally next day at twilight you see him in the zoo before the gorilla's cage. He wants to see what the hairy ape is like. He talks with the gorilla, he says that the beast has it on the man this time. For the ape knows that he does not belong in the crowd; but the man who is talking to him knows his place is neither here nor there. He tears off the lock and lets the gorilla out. The beast crushes him to death in his arms, and so at last he belongs.

Compared to the Emperor Jones of last year The Hairy Ape seems less entertaining but more imaginative. Compared to the plot-design of the Emperor Jones or any other of Eugene O'Neill's plays, The Hairy Ape is a long step ahead. Its dénouement is inseparable from the whole idea; what happens and what is signified are one; the pattern is complete only with the last moment of the play.

Considering the limitations of the stage the production was remarkably successful, the stokehole especially and the scenes on deck and in front of the I. W. W. door. The fantastic setting for the Fifth Avenue episode had its cruelty and its burlesque comment on the idea; but the masks for the congregation's faces were, I think, carried too far from the mere impregnable fatuity intended by the author. The distorted lines of the bunks in the scene where Yank sits trying to make headway through his own wrongs and plans, seemed to me silly, the kind of thing that is wretchedly obvious once you get the point of it; and, in spite of its rather newer variety, just as much an intrusion as the older and more familiar fripperies, and in its way just as much a prettyfying of the solid elements in the scene.

The acting was on the whole fair enough; though to me scarcely ever convincing. The truth is we have not decided yet what acting is exactly; how much it can be directly imitative, how much stylized, or how much the actual visible presence of the human beings that convey it interrupts and complicates this art as compared to others, the art of the play, for instance, or of settings. The Hairy Ape is created with a certain simplification, a removal of the plane of it from mere actuality, in the Fifth Avenue scene of course and more subtly but as surely in the others. The acting has not been conceived very often in the same plane as the play itself. But that is a good deal to ask. Mr. Wolheim, certainly, has much for his particular part, the build, the voice—which he uses rather too monotonously through the play—and the steadiness and immobility of mere mass. His line and pose as he entered and stood in the I. W. W. office was very good indeed. In the scene where he sat in the street, thrown out, calling on whatever there is that will show him his way, and in the last scene, he struck the right pathos, confusion and tragedy. And better than Mr. Wolheim was the management of the gorilla at the very last, as he got more distinct and came so fear-

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fully out of the cage. It was fine, extraordinary, out of class with any animal motive I have ever known on the stage.

And what a scene the last is, with that heavy, lost body stealing in there in the twilight; the darkness and the noises like those of the prison; and through the dim light the beast's figure looming up in the cage, more terrible and more beastly because half seen! The imagination behind the invention here is magnificent and unique; it exhibits a kind of dark and passionate warmth of life that is to be found nowhere else; it sums up and sweeps together into one grotesque and poignant moment all the life of that groping and wounded creature who comes there: his glimpses into thought; his impatient defeats and reticences, only half admitted and covered up with oaths; and the great inflexible hulk of this body, mind and soul that make such a tragic unity.

But the most important thing about The Hairy Ape is in another direction.

In Anna Christie the first act gave me a conviction of something felt by the author, something raised from its ordinary tracks into a high vitality and excitement. But as the play went on I felt a blur. There seemed to be a movement toward an externality of incident or toward the necessity of making an end. The first act of Diff'rent had the same romantic depths of realism. But the rest of it never came through at all; the people were killed off and the play ended with a sort of impersonality. In The Hairy Ape I feel for the first time that the whole work expresses Eugene O'Neill. The play may be depressing, may be pessimistic as social criticism, lacking in culture, laid on sometimes with a trowel, as in the aunt and niece scene. Or it may be none of these things. That is not the point. The point is that there has been no impediment of event or convention to stand in the way, the conclusion in all its implications is true to the author. He has been able to carry himself through.

Eugene O'Neill has been greatly overpraised, partly, perhaps, for lack of a rival; certainly he has been praised without discrimination. But the instinct to praise him is entirely justified by reason of this tendency that he has always had to put himself, to be free as only in art of one kind or another the human soul can be free. And it is this, mainly, that makes The Hairy Ape the most important play of the year.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Don't Tax Industrial Pioneers

SIR: I missed reading the number of December 14th of The New Republic, and the very interesting article which it contains from the always interesting pen of Professor Friday, entitled The Accumulation of Capital, came to my attention only a few days ago.

Professor Friday states that "our national savings amount, in this year of depression, to $8,000,000,000." May I be permitted to point out that this figure is to a substantial degree overestimated, because Professor Friday, in the items from which he evolves his conclusion, includes what is only apparently new capital, while in fact it is merely *old capital shifted* to new uses. I am quite prepared to illustrate this by examples, but consideration for the limitations of your space forbids my doing so, especially as I should like to ask your indulgence for a few observations on another phase of Professor Friday's article.

Professor Friday appears to see a somewhat notable phenomenon in the fact that "the industrial depression with its course of unemployment and its curtailment of production, has not impeded seriously the flow of investment funds to the security market". And he concludes, too, that "the effect of taxes in curbing capital accumulation has been overestimated" and that "such a state of the investment market must raise a question in the mind of any impartial investigator concerning the effect of taxes in discouraging savings".

As to the first observation, may I point out that one of the after-effects of a serious industrial recession has always been, and logically and inevitably must be, a flow of funds into the investment market, for reasons both of a psychological and an economic character. Indeed, so strong is that flow and so compelling the impulse which sets it in motion that for the time being, i. e. pending a return to normal industrial activity, it has largely mitigated the effect of excessively high surtaxes on the investment market and on the interest rate for bonds. But that effect is bound to become operative again when industrial activity returns, if our surtax rates are not reduced to a more reasonable level in the meantime.

As to the second observation, there are two kinds of savings. They arise from different sources and are put, generally speaking, to different uses.

The first kind, i. e. small individual savings, have not been affected by taxation for the simple reason that taxation did not, or did hardly, apply to them (except, indirectly, as taxes were shifted and passed on, and to the extent that they were so shifted and passed on, the effect was largely offset by increases in wages). The fact is that persons with annual incomes up to say $3,500 or $4,000 paid either no income tax at all or but a trifling amount. It is the distinguishing characteristic of our income tax, wherein it differs from the system prevailing in all other countries using income taxation, that it does not rest on a basis of the broadest kind. Our tax applicable to small incomes is almost negligible; our normal tax is less than a quarter of what it is in England. The minimum income totally exempt from taxation is fixed at a much more liberal figure here than in England or in any other of the leading countries. On the other hand, our surtaxes are higher than anywhere else. The emphasis of our income tax is not on the broadly collected normal tax but on the surtaxes, collected from a relatively small number.

The kind of savings to which the preceding paragraph relates, takes the shape mainly of deposits in savings banks, building and other fraternal societies, life insurance companies, and of late years, to a certain extent, of investments in high-interest-bearing bonds. It also provides the principal portion of the livelihood of the "get-rich-quick" promoter.

The second kind of savings are the accumulations by the well-to-do and by corporations. They are, and ought to be, in the main, the risk-taking, venturing, pioneering part of the country's working fund. They provide the bulk of the capital for such enterprises and cannot be financed by fixed-interest-bearing investment securities because of the absence of the element of tested earning power and assured safety, or by bank credits.

That kind of savings has been vitally affected by the surtaxes and the excess profits tax. Indeed, except in so far as taxes were shifted or passed on, that kind of accumulation has been in a great measure destroyed by the action of those taxes, and to the extent that it was enabled to survive, has been largely diverted from its proper and useful functions. New enterprises, imaginative venturing, the characteristically American way of bold industrial pioneering have come to a halt in this country. The barrier which stands in their way is composed of piled-up surtaxes.

It is a deplorable result, from various points of view, and of gravely inauspicious significance in its bearings. Small mass-savings, the wide practice of thrift, are, of course, eminently to be desired and in an old, settled, fully developed country, such as the classical land of small savings, France, go a long way, by themselves, to serve adequately the nation's essential economic purposes and needs. In a new country, however, such as ours, a country still in the growing period of youth, a land of boundless opportunities, they must be supplemented by that kind of accumulation, by that eagerness for industrial adventure, which, for the time being, have been benumbed by the effects of ill-contrived taxation.

Unless and until that weight is adequately alleviated, America will fail in attaining that degree of prosperity and accomplishing that measure of success, which are open to a nation in whose domain abundant national resources are coupled with racial qualities that in the past have found conspicuous expression in zest for work, in daring enterprise and broadgauged achievement.

OTTO H. KAHN.

New York City.

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The Method of Tchehov

The Schoolmaster, and Other Stories, by Anton Tchehov. Translated by Constance Garnett. New York: Macmillan Co. $2.00.

The Cook's Wedding, and other Stories, by Anton Tchehov. Translated by Constance Garnett. New York: Macmillan Co.

NOW that Mrs. Garnett is nearing the end of her version of Tchehov it is time that we took stock of our obligations to her. She has translated the novels of Turgenev, Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, and the tales and letters of Tchehov into an English which we can all admire, with a fidelity to the original at which the most critical Russian cannot cavil. To her devotion it is due that the English-speaking nations possess the finest series of translations from the Russian in the world. They are better than the German, they are incomparably superior to the French. Because of their inferior versions the most enlightened French critics are even today groping in the dark to find the real significance of Dostoevsky and Tchehov. Not a word has been written in French on either of these two authors that goes more than skin deep. Dostoevsky is what he was to de Vogüé, the prophet of "the religion of suffering," the author of Crime and Punishment, while Tchehov is scarcely more substantial than a name.

This is not a simple matter of our having some good translations of some good novels. Mrs. Garnett's translations from the Russian may definitely be compared to the epoch-making translations of the past, to North's Plutarch in the Elizabethan days, to Schlegel's translation from Shakespeare at the latter end of the German Aufklärung; [illegible] have revealed a new kingdom of the mind to us and led us vicariously to explore a whole vista of the human consciousness that might otherwise have been unknown. We have read a new chapter of the book of life, our spiritual possession of the great Russian writers of the nineteenth century as surely marks us off from the generations to whom they were unfamiliar as the assimilation of the doctrines of Darwin separated those generations from their fathers. What we shall make of our knowledge we cannot tell; at present all our energies go to digesting it. But even now the critical standards are changing, though the creative powers are not yet concentrated; we have new standards of profundity and truth which alter our judgment of the past, our attitude to the present and our expectation of the future.

That we owe to Mrs. Garnett. Without her we should doubtless have had translations. But isolated versions would have been only bewildering. Indeed, they were. Crime and Punishment had been in English after a fashion for nearly twenty years before Mrs. Garnett put her hand to it. Who made anything of it? It was too strange, too portentous. In the same way, when Tchehov's Cherry Orchard burst upon us now eleven years ago, it seemed a queer and irrelevant fantasy. The secret was hidden from us. We grow accustomed to a new vision of life as to walking in the dark, slowly and with pains; plunged into it abruptly we merely flounder and stumble. It was no good giving us the nineteenth century Russians piecemeal; we needed the whole of them. To give us the whole was the work of a lifetime, to be surrendered with but the smallest hope of a commensurate reward. Mrs. Garnett made the sacrifice.

The latest of her gifts to us is Tchehov. With the twelfth of the little volumes we must be approaching the end. The gilt lettering on the early ones is already faded. But all are there. We have been faithful to the end. How many such series have we bravely begun to buy and fainted half way through! Of this not a volume is missing. Not one has been missed but it has been instantly replaced. Why is it? What is the cause of this unbroken enchantment, why does this spell never fail?

We fumble in our minds for the answer and we fall back, half-despairingly, upon a simple and dangerous word. The stories of Tchehov seem to us more *real* than any other fictions that have been written. We are in danger of being left with only a word, unless we try to hammer a meaning out of it. To say that a work of literature is more real than another does not mean that it is finer. Not the least part of literary genius is the power to impose its assumptions and compel "that willing suspension of disbelief which constitutes poetic faith." *King Lear* is real in a sense, and so is Jude the Obscure; but they are differently real from the reality. In them we enter a created world which has been isolated from the world in which we live; it is a sublimation, a reconstruction of our own world. Now Tchehov's world does not appear to be that. Although it is wholly a Russian world, though the names, the places, the habits and even the seasons are strange to us, it is still familiar; we feel we have only to go round the corner to find it. We should not find it, of course, but if we went to look we should come back persuaded that not the reality had failed us, but our eyes.

This overpowering impression of the common reality which Tchehov somehow manages to produce has nothing to do with "realism." Zola, great man though he was, never produced such an impression, Flaubert hardly ever; Tolstoy alone seems to have shared a part of Tchehov's secret. This impression of reality is overpowering because it is enchanting. It seems that Tchehov, without restating or reconstructing life, reveals an utterly unsuspected beauty and freshness, so that we say to ourselves not only "This is life," but "This is Life." We are filled with a new zest for living, not indeed the animal joie de vivre so often preached to us by people who have none of it, but an eager desire that our stunted sensibility should put forth fresh roots into the life which surrounds us. And this is strange, for Tchehov passes for a gray and gloomy author among those who do not frequent him. If anything in particular happens to his characters, it is seldom anything good, and indeed to many of them the only good thing that could happen is that they should be born again and born different, as Von Koren felt about Laevsky in The Duel. For Tchehov makes a speciality of nedotëpas,— those rough-hewn misfits in life with whom he peopled The Cherry Orchard. Tchehov is never impatient with them, nor are we, once we have passed under his spell. If we still think of comparing the society he shows us with that which we know, we may say that the nedotëpa is more frequent in Russia than with ourselves; but we quickly learn to take no pride in the fact. We realize that we are less aware of being misfits simply because we are generally less aware; we are efficient, if we are efficient, mainly because we run in blinkers. These people may be ineffectual and hopeless, but they are alive. It may be their tragedy that they respond too much, but when we have watched them through Tchehov's eyes we feel that it is a far greater tragedy not to respond at all.

So it turns out that even where Tchehov superficially seems discouraging he is invigorating. It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all, and we may say that many of Tchehov's characters are hopeless through excess of hope. But this so-called pessimism, which apparently causes many readers to stumble, is but one aspect

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of his work among many, a single manifestation of his larger genius. For Tchehov is forever discerning life in the apparently lifeless. A moment of recueillement, half a step backward from the actual scene, and the miracle is accomplished. The tedious and the sordid thing turns in its sleep, it breathes and is beautiful. In a haunting passage of his Notebooks Tchehov describes the magic of music in words which precisely render the effect of his own art.

> Essentially all this is crude and meaningless, and romantic love appears as meaningless as an avalanche which involuntarily rolls down a mountain and overwhelms people. But when one listens to music, all this is—that some people lie in their graves and sleep, and that one woman is alive and, greyheaded, is now sitting in a box in the theatre, seems quiet and majestic—and the avalanche is no longer meaningless since in nature everything has a meaning. And everything is forgiven, and it would be strange not to forgive.

It is true of all great art that it lifts us up on thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls, so that we comprehend for a moment what is hidden from our daily eyes. Of this magic Tchehov was an adept, but an adept in a new way. Other writers lift us to the height of comprehension in their own created worlds, but Tchehov, like the music he describes, seems to transmute the common reality. The scales drop from our eyes while we are looking at the reality itself, not at one refashioned by the artist.

We may find a clue to the quality we are seeking to define in the obvious fact that the most characteristic stories of Tchehov are not in any familiar sense stories at all. They are glimpses of the stream of life; they have an unmistakable unity, but they have no plot. This absence of plot is still bewildering to many. Names are coined for it. Tchehov's stories are said to be "stories of incident," although in some of the most remarkable of them many incidents are strung together on the thread of a single aesthetic impression. It would be simpler and more exact to call them Tchehov stories tout court, for evidently this persistent element of "plotlessness" in his work contains something essential. Not only do we find it invariably where his work makes the most vivid impression—to such a degree that we instinctively assign a story with a marked plot to his immaturity—but in his last, crowning work, The Cherry Orchard, it is triumphantly carried over into (of all places) the theatre, where, had it not been done, it would have seemed utterly impossible. We have no choice, therefore, but to regard this elimination of plot not as an accidental but a deliberate and indispensable part of Tchehov's method.

This breach of Tchehov's with the classical tradition is the most significant event in modern literature. He was led to make it chiefly by his passionate desire for truth. He came immediately after Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, who had carried the accepted art of fiction to the extreme point of its possibilities, beyond which it seemed that advance was barred. He bowed to those great men, but he did not want to be like them. To create a world was to him almost a betrayal of the real world, partly because he was by training a scientist and influenced by a different standard of truth, partly because he realized that the energy necessary for the creation of an imaginary world could be supplied only by a kind of moral fervor. As he put it, the great novelists always had axes to grind; they were impelled by the desire to demonstrate something about life. Tchehov wanted to prove nothing, because he profoundly believed there was nothing to be proved. Life was neither good nor bad, it was simply Life, given, unique, irreducible. To change or reconstruct it for the purpose of representation was to take from it the uniqueness which was its greatest beauty. He could not bring himself to impose finality upon the infinite.

Not that this attitude was absolute. It could not be. The artist is forced in some degree to choose and reconstruct. But Tchehov was, more than any writer before him, the servant and not the master of life. Many realists tried to be that, in vain, for it is impossible to be the willing servant of that which you do not love. The realists to a man have hated life, they have tried to indict it, and the general voice pronounces them ugly for their pains. But Tchehov adored life; he was overwhelmed by the beauty of the mere truth. And for this simple reason he was safe in trusting himself to it without the anchor of a plot or the compass of a moral. The nearer he came to the immediate reality which he perceived, the keener was his delight, for he saw that nothing in life was like anything else. No moment of the day but had its peculiar beauty "to make each special instant special blest," no person was without his inalienable distinctness. If he could render these he was content.

Those who are unaccustomed to Tchehov's vision find in it something unaccountable and paradoxical. He is faithful to life like no other writer; therefore his stories are not gay, they are full of frustrated hopes and wasted destinies. Yet even those who, looking only upon the surface, regard him as depressing, feel a fascination for which they can discover no cause. They overlook the truth that no man can be faithful to life in this way—so different from the dogged desperation of the "realist"—without being devoted to it. The only means of knowing everything, as Tchehov seemed to know everything, even to the soul of a baby (Grisha) and a dog (Kashtanka), is to love everything. And this almost ecstatic delight in the uniqueness of life is the prime condition of magic of style. It is not enough to see a thing to be able to describe it, one needs to be enchanted by its particularity. Only then does the shock of delight in the artist's vision reach to us, and only then do we receive what it is the privilege of the truly great writer to give us, the gift of understanding and the gift of life. Tchehov gives us these gifts in a manner in which we can receive them; he does not require impossible acts of faith, or ask that we should be disloyal to our own intellects. Through the blank wall of bewilderment and pessimism he opens a little gate, discerned by no eye but his own. We follow him through it and see that life is indeed neither good nor bad, but simply beautiful, with a beauty in which "everything has a meaning, everything is forgiven and it would be strange not to forgive."

J. Middleton Murry.

Modern Love

I Have Only Myself to Blame, by Elizabeth Bibesco. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00

THIS book is a collection of pictorial sketches and stories. Its field is restricted. It isn't about life in general. It leaves out religion and science, and illness and wars, and animals and politics, and business and children and crime. It's only about lovers and loving.

It is an unsettling book. Just as you have privately made up your mind, perhaps, to be sensible, and be satisfied with what you have—or haven't—and to forget about a oneness with somebody, and are feeling rich enough with much less, this book tells you a story which reaches into some inner part of you that was getting dried up and

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makes you feel painfully aware of the things you are missing.

Here for instance is part of a letter that one woman writes:

"In a way I don't see why you should ever want to kiss me again. Do you understand what I mean, that I feel so merged, so eternally in your arms that I can hardly believe in the process of being taken into them again and again? Oh my dear, do you notice how one never can use superlatives when they really would mean something? They seem to slink away ashamed of their loose lives. After all we can't 'make love' to one another. We both do it too well. This is not an incident, a game, an art; ours is not a love affair, it is life."

Another extract: "I can't sleep. There is something oppressive in the atmosphere. . . . There is always a tenseness when you are not there, a cumulative unreality. I have felt it all day. . . . I seemed to be a ghost wandering about in some meaningless void. It was not only that I couldn't believe in the people, I could not even believe in the chairs and tables, it was tiring. You know how in fairy tales the lovely Princess is turned into a toad and has to wait for a kiss to release her, that was what I felt like—that nothing but your touch could make me into a human being again."

It's not all so good as that. One of the stories, called Pilgrimage, is Poe-like; and—Poe-like—sounds hollow. That is to say, although the plot is striking, the persons aren't real. To be sure, in tales of this kind which picture some action of fate and the curious patterns that time and change constantly weave, the persons are subordinate and their realness is not what most interests us. But if it is omitted, the design must be enthrallingly good. Princess Bibesco is better at trueness and the natural accent of life. She becomes a little eloquent and theatrical when she puts a plot first.

Her trueness is so exquisite, it really doesn't need any plots. For example, she is describing a man who has fallen in love, and who, though he used to be talkative, can now only stammer. He wants to propose to a beautiful girl but he can't. "One day they were walking through a bluebell wood. . . . 'I must speak,' he said to himself unhappily, while he realized he was physically incapable of bringing out the most commonplace phrase. . .

"He decided to speak when he saw the next orchis.

"He thought of a woman he had once imagined himself in love with. She had had red hair and green eyes . . . and red hair had seemed infinitely wicked and alluring and adventurous. . .

"He saw an orchis and hastily averted his eyes.

"He thought of a rocking horse he had had as a child, dappled grey with a grey yellow tail and a scarlet saddle. . .

"Another orchis. He looked at her imploringly.

" 'What are you thinking about?' she responded to his appeal.

" 'Rocking horses,' he said. 'Will you marry me?' And then desperately, 'I know that's not the way to put it;' and then convulsively, 'I love you.'

"She waited till he had finished and then she said. . . 'That's a very nice way to put it.' "

This seems, to one reader at least, one of the best proposals in fiction.

. . .

There is a certain misgiving this author arouses, however. . .

There was a book, Anthony Hope's Dolly Dialogues, that came out years ago. They were gay and tender and smart and romantic—that is they seemed so then. Dolly and the man liked to play with their surface emotions, and to mean something deeper, which was never very deep, however, unfortunately. Looking back, it's plain that we have come a long way since those Dialogues. They are thin and old-fashioned now. But they once were like a fresh breath of air.

It seems awfully far-fetched to compare Elizabeth Bibesco's book with Anthony Hope's. His now appears so artificial. Hers seems so real. His idea of the right tone seems so second-rate alongside of hers. But what will that sharp-eyed young fellow, Posterity, think? Will he have gone so much further on—further into real feelings—that the Bibesco stories will look to him the way Dolly's now look to us?

Fashions in humor keep changing. Well, the same's true of love. Clarissa Harlowe's feelings were once far more moving than now. It's not only the way Richardson describes them, it's the kind of feelings they were; they reek of quaint old ideals and conceptions of love. How few love stories have been found timeless. Princess Bibesco's are moving, but I suspect they are modern.

Again, the epigrammatic quality of her style that now seems firm and searching is another example of the kind of thing that may get out of fashion. When the taste in epigrams changes a little, these stories may suffer.

So perhaps they're not classics. But they are of the very best of today's. They are not only charming, and fresh, but they have a nobility; they are seriously concerned with our lonely emotional needs. They make other popular books seem as ordinary by contrast as pumpkins.

And there are things in them that touch the very core of one's heart. Things a reader is startled to find in print—things he had supposed not expressible. Secret things that make him whisper, "Why, I thought no one knew that but myself." CLARENCE DAY, JR.

Partners and Citizens in Industry

Industrial Government, by John R. Commons and others. New York: Macmillan Co. $3.00.

An Introduction to the Psychological Problems of Industry, by Frank Watts. New York: Macmillan Co. $5.00.

Industrial Problems and Disputes, by Lord Askwith. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $5.00.

Guild Socialism, G. D. H. Cole. New York: Frederick Stokes & Co. $1.60.

The Industrial and Commercial Revolutions in Great Britain During the Nineteenth Century. by L. C. A. Knowles. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

TAKEN together, the important labor books of recent months provide a cross section of the current outlook upon that problem. All of the usual approaches to the industrial relations issue are represented in the group of books under review, excepting only that of the trade unions. Professor Commons' book is about the activities of personnel departments and managerial efforts to improve industrial relations. Professor Watts is explaining the value of psychology in general and as applied in special procedures which assure the clearest understanding and most

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"The only true history is that little scrap of our own time which we can tell because we see it and feel it and know it. Definitive truth is already a dead truth and written history a cemetery."

AFTER THE WAR

London — Paris — Rome — Athens — Prague — Vienna — Budapest — Bucharest — Berlin — Sofia — Coblenz — New York — Washington

Colonel Repington

Better than any description, the extracts below give the flavor of this continuation of the famous diary, of which one critic said: "Years hence it will be quoted as Evelyn and Pepys are quoted."

DIPLOMACY

Lord Hardinge told me the story of his successful intervention here in the Anglo-French dispute. He had been in England on three weeks' leave, and on July 27 was asleep in his garden at 3 P. M., when his butler announced that Lord Curzon wanted him on the telephone. He went in and C. told him that a break with France was imminent and that both sides were talking in such a strain as to render a rupture almost inevitable. The French were set on sending another French division to Upper Silesia and were prepared to act without a Supreme Council if we opposed them. C. then asked H. to come up to London at once to talk it all over with him, and to go over to Paris with a despatch for Briand. H. duly arrived in London at 7 P. M. and at once saw Curzon. After taking stock, H. said that there was no cause for alarm; that he felt sure that he could settle the whole dispute with Briand in twenty-four hours. He added that all, of course, depended on the instructions which he received, but if they were moderate he might pull through. He left next morning for Paris. The instructions followed him, and he spent two hours reading them and converting them into French before he saw Briand. He has also thought of a formula to help Briand out, and thought that it was more a face-saving business than anything else.

When he saw Briand, he attacked him at once. "Well, you are nice people to let me go away and then send bombshells to London. Of course if you *want* a break you can have one. *We* are not going to allow a new French division to go to Silesia—if you do not continue on the Supreme Council *we shall*"—and so on. Then he read his instructions, which were moderately worded, and presented his formula. Briand accepted the formula and said that he preferred to put it forward as his own to his Cabinet. Which he did, and they accepted it unanimously, while our Cabinet at home accepted too, and H. got home again for the conclusion of his holiday.

"Of all the lower animals of creation, the politician is the most ineffective.

"Secretary Hughes sunk in thirty-five minutes more ships than all the admirals of the world have destroyed in a cycle of centuries.

"Granville (the British Minister at Athens) said it was quite true that the Greeks were fighting the Turks at our instance.

"Clemenceau was asked how he felt after his operation for appendicitis. 'Quite well,' replied the Tiger. 'There are only two perfectly useless things in the world. One is an appendix and the other is Poincaré!'

"Mr. Hughes said that the Conference itself was quite a tame affair, but when he read his clippings at night he was astonished at all that was being read into it and could scarcely sleep.

"New York has the effect upon me of meeting an ichthyosaurus in Berkeley Square. It is all amazing and gargantuan and I cannot imagine anyone wanting to live here.

"Admiral Sims, on being asked what the Supreme Council would do about the freedom of the seas, replied that he did not care so long as they did not interfere with mixed bathing.

"Jay thought that the best way of doing business was that of a certain American Minister at a Central American Capital. He went into his balcony with a police whistle and whistled once for the President, twice for the Foreign Minister, three times for the Minister of Commerce, and they came running round to him.

"Pétain thought that we should occupy and exploit the Rhineland, and if taking it over and taxing it were of no avail, we should send the whole German population over the Rhine and replace it by French 'mutilés de guerre.'"

THE TIGER IN HIS LAIR

Went off to see M. Clemenceau at his old address. The same old commonplace bourgeoise den, with the dark enclosed court all surrounded by other houses, and in the dining-room, where I waited for a few minutes, the same dirty old woodwork on the walls, crying for coats of paint, and the ordinary, almost lodging-house furniture, and the red carpet worn threadbare and in patches at the entrance. What a home for the man who won the greatest war in history! Clemenceau came out of his room to find me. He was in the same old clothes and with a black half-turban cap on his head, and an almost imperceptible bit more stiff in his gait. But directly we sat down, I saw that there was all the old fire, the alert brain, the rapid thought, the clear word, the penetrating sarcasm, in fact the old master who won the war and the tiger who destroyed so many Ministeries. I could not see a vestige of a failure of his intellectual powers, and the eyes danced and glared and flashed, and the fun came rolling out with the same old humour, witticism, and profound knowledge of character and human nature. . . . Are you leaving any records of this tremendous time, I asked. No, said C., he had said nothing, had written nothing, and was not going to. He took no interest in controversies about the past which was over. He had lived through the greatest period and had done his best. It was enough to contemplate in silence the grandeur of it all. He took pleasure in his disdain of all discussion over the past. He did not care what people thought or said. It was all one to him. He had succeeded.

Harding sees neither black nor white in a case, but only greys, and is a man of compromise who feels his way. . . . Hughes is a good lawyer, and will get up a case well. But, being a lawyer, he cannot think. You are either innocent or guilty.

Those who read for amusement will enjoy "After the War" for its wealth of anecdotes and gossip of great personages, but to those whose eye can penetrate the brilliant surface, it will come as nothing less than an incomparably expert inventory and appraisal of our whole contemporary civilization.

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enlightened treatment of the workers. Lord Askwith is concerned with the possibilities of adjustment under legally provided machinery. Mr. Cole is trying to project the outlines of a presumably desirable, scientific-democratic organization of economic life. Mrs. Knowles desires to bring understanding of the present by knowledge of its economic antecedents. Thus we are provided with a picture of intelligent management, of applied psychology, of conciliation and arbitration, of a program of economic reorganization and of the approach through economic history.

Could the equipment and the suggestions of the entire group now become reconciled and oriented in a single mind, a master-manual on our industrial future might be written; and it is to be expected that some day this formulation will be made. But most industrial literature thus far is comparable rather to a manual on how to run an emergency first-aid tent after an explosion than a treatise on how to improve medical education.

Professor Commons, however, is confident that emphasis upon conscious control and organized direction in industry are destined to increase. "The outstanding fact of our investigation," he says, "is the importance of management. Instead of capitalism moving on like a blind force of nature, ... here we see it moving on by the will of management." The investigation referred to above was made by Professor Commons and selected students in the summer of 1920 in thirty industrial plants throughout the country where experiments in some phase of improved industrial relations work were being made. The exposition of policy and procedure in eighteen of these companies in this book is followed by several chapters of "inferences" which comprise its more important section.

Especially are the chapters on the Principles of Management and on Joint Control to be commended as exhibiting a degree of untrammeled and penetrating reflection from a lack of which the book suffers as a whole. The concluding paragraph in the chapter on the Ford plant, for example, if meant to be taken seriously, is at least naïve in its apparent acceptance of the assumptions on which the Ford policy is based. Contrasted with it, Mrs. Turner's paragraphs on the Ford regime are refreshing, as are her other generalizations. She is alive to the size of the problem, and if only every other writer on labor subjects would recognize, as explicitly as she does, the dynamic, ever-changing, relative, eternal nature of the problem of organizing economic relationships, much of the current discouragement, impatience and animosity could be avoided.

Professor Watts hints at this in a discussion of Utopia versus Entopia (p. 236) although it is to our own Professor Dewey that we owe the more adequate philosophical statement of the idea that "the end is no longer a terminus or limit to be reached. It is the entire process of transforming the existent situation. Not perfection as a goal, but the ever-enduring process of perfecting, maturing, refining, is the aim of living." Indeed, just as it is most effective to turn to an American philosopher in order to state Professor Watts' position on this subject, it is necessary for him to turn to American psychologists for the bulk of his material. Leaning heavily on the theoretical side on MacDougall, his applied psychology is almost wholly digested from American writers; although it should be said that the digest is made with discretion, critical judgment and clarity. The plain fact is that the applied psychology of the American school is years in advance of English scholarship in that field.

Lord Askwith's book will be disappointing to one in search of a reasoned treatise on the part which governmental agencies of conciliation and arbitration should play in industrial struggles, for it is much more personal and anecdotal than its title might suggest and might better have been called Pages from the Diary of a Busy Arbitrator. He is unprepared to turn to the law for further aid: "I find no answer in the interference of the politician in the struggles arising in industry. . . ."

It is the concurrence of the younger and more liberal socialist group in this view of the inefficacy of political action, which has been the big contributing factor in the growth of the guild idea. Mr. Cole's new restatement of the national guild philosophy has his characteristic honesty and precision of analysis; it therefore exhibits both Mr. Cole and his plans of reorganization to their best advantage. For it shows a mind willing to face real difficulties, almost eager to modify and rebuild its views, tentative and experimental—yet nevertheless passionately in earnest about the wisdom of working out an autonomous organization of our economic life by the integration of a large number of democratically organized groups in each of the important industries. The practical value of Mr. Cole's proposals as offering suggestions for the policies and activities of trade associations and joint industrial councils in our own industries, is so great that it is a misfortune his book has not in its American edition a more compelling title. Few American business men care to read a book on any aspect of socialism, but there are hundreds who would reflect long on a study of The Limits of Competition as a Basis for Economic Motives and Institutions, which is almost what Mr. Cole's book is about.

The historical approach to our present industrial situation is admirably given in Mrs. Knowles' volume. For comprehensiveness and compactness it will be hard to excel. And although the imperialistic point of view is espoused with some enthusiasm, the central emphasis is expository and the interest is in the distinctly economic influence at work in Great Britain. The book has not the breadth of view of Hobson's Evolution of Modern Capitalism but in its own part of the field it is a distinctly useful one.

These books have in common the fact that they are trying in their several ways to state what's wrong in industry. And it is significant to realize how fundamentally similar their conclusions are. What all are after is a way to minimize the more acute forms of industrial unrest by giving the manual worker the status of a partner and a citizen in industry.

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